

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1148. Fourth Series, No. 9. 2 June, 1866.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

LITTELL, SON, & CO. BOSTON.

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Second " " 20 " 50 "

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OFFICE OF LITTELL'S LIVING AGE,  
Boston, 24 May, 1866.

TO THE HON. GEORGE BOUTWELL,  
MEMBER OF CONGRESS.—There are some things which seem almost too self evident to be argued about.

If we could profit by the experience of the past, should we not see, that if President Jackson's *fifth* "Pet Banks," supported by the deposits and favor of the Government, and impelled by the desire to make profit out of the public, did, at the risk and loss of their own credit, stimulate trade and speculation to a shameful degree, it is certain that *two thousand banks*, indorsed by the Government, and having no character of their own to support, would do the same mischief to still greater extent?

Another self-evident proposition would seem to be that currency, founded solely upon the public faith, should be issued for the *national benefit*; and yet we are now paying 18 millions a year for the privilege of furnishing and indorsing notes for the national banks!

The banks add no credit to these notes so indorsed by the Government. The notes of the most remote of the "wild cat" herd pass as freely as those of the best banks of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia.

The "Green Backs" have been tried, and have the confidence of the public as far as any paper currency can have. They now save us a large amount of interest. Why not keep the ground *entirely* for them?

This can yet be done if the Government will pay off all the "national" bank-notes with "green-backs," and then, as creditor of said banks, receive its own stock now held by them, and on which it pays them 18 millions of dollars a year.

It does not follow that any sudden contraction of the currency, any disturbance of business, should be caused. There are now afloat 400 millions of green-backs and 300 millions of "national" bank-notes. The proposition is, that there shall be 700 millions of green-backs, for the present, and no bank-notes.

We might afterwards use the interest we should save (18 millions or perhaps 42 millions) as a sinking-fund for withdrawing *half* the green-backs, leaving 350 millions in circulation, until "specie payments" shall be resumed; when the convenience of trade will determine how much or how little will be needed.

As soon as this process of reduction shall begin, the "national" banks will begin to

lessen the excessive stimulus which they have applied to the trading community; business will gradually grow regular, steady and safe; the cost of living and manufacturing will diminish; and we shall have a large surplus capital with which to build up industrious and loyal States in the South. (As soon as they go to work, they will be loyal. We know who employs "idle hands.")

In a former number of *The Living Age*, there was a table, showing, that if only the eighteen millions a year, which is now paid to the "national" banks for no reason whatever, should be made into a sinking-fund, it would pay off the *whole* debt in forty years.

As soon as the nation shall reform its currency, and not before, its credit will be good, and it can borrow all that it shall need at five per cent, and perhaps at four. It should not voluntarily go into the market until it shall have set its house in order.

It has been proposed, that, when a new loan shall be made, it shall be with a stipulation that the income derived from it shall not be subject to taxation. This, of course, will be the case with such part as may be held abroad; but no such discrimination can be made in favour of our own citizens, without producing great discontent, and eventually diminishing our credit.

While we write, we have a letter from a sagacious friend in New York (Edward W. Dunham, Esq., President of the Corn Exchange Bank), suggesting, that, when the new loan shall be called for, it shall be so arranged as that the principal shall be payable at the pleasure of the Government, but only after such time (say twenty, thirty, or forty years) as may be necessary to command present success.

#### "ANOTHER WAY."

WHEN lovely woman, Lump of Folly,  
Would show the world her vainest trait;  
Would treat herself as child her dolly,  
And warn each man of sense away,  
The surest method she'll discover  
To prompt a wink from every eye,  
Degrade a spouse, disgust a lover,  
And spoil a scalp-skin is — to dye.

From Fraser's Magazine.  
SALONS.\*

THE club is an essentially masculine institution; the seat, the central point, of female influence is the *salon*; and an important social question is consequently involved in the fact that clubs have multiplied and thriv'd in England, whilst the *salon* can scarcely be said to have taken root or prospered largely out of France. So little, indeed, is the institution understood in this country, that we shall probably be required at the outset to explain the precise meaning of the term; and we are not aware that we can supply a better description or definition than we find at the commencement of one of the books which we propose to use as the text-books of this article: 'When we speak of *salons*', says Madame Ancelot, 'it is well understood that a *salon* has nothing in common with those numerous fêtes where we crowd together people, strangers to one another, who do not converse, and who are there only to dance, to hear music, or to display dresses more or less sumptuous. No; that is not what is called a *salon*. A *salon* is an intimate *réunion*, which lasts several years, where we get acquainted and look for one another; where we are glad to meet, and with good reason. The persons who receive are a tie between those who are invited, and this tie is the closer when the recognised merit of a clever woman (*femme d'esprit*) has formed it.'

'But many other things are required to form a *salon*: congenial habits, ideas, and tastes; that urbanity which quickly establishes relations, allows talking with everybody without being acquainted—which in the olden time was a proof of good education, and of familiarity with circles to which none were admitted otherwise than on the supposition of their being worthy to mix with the greatest and best. This continual exchange of ideas makes known the value of each: he or she is most welcome who brings most agreeability, without regard to rank or fortune; and one is appreciated, I might almost say loved, for what one has of real merit: the true king of this kind of republic is the mind (*esprit*)!'

\* *Les Salons de Paris: Foyers Eteints.* Par Madame ANCELOT. Paris, 1858.

*Les Salons d'Autrefois: Souvenirs Intimes.* Par Madame La Comtesse de BASSANVILLE. Préface de M. LOUIS ENAULT. Paris, 1862.

*Rahel und Ihre Zeit.* Von E. SCHMIDT WEISSEN-FELS. Leipzig, 1851.

*Erinnerungsblätter.* Von A. VON STERNBURG. Leipzig, 1857.

*The Queens of Society.* By GRACE AND PHILIP WHARTON. In Two Volumes. London, 1863.

'There were formerly in France many *salons* of this kind, which have given the tone to all the *salons* of Europe. The most cited were those in which was carried farthest the art of saying good things well, of pouring forth mind, of diffusing it to be born anew, and of multiplying it by contact. Many of these *salons* have acquired celebrity, and if they have been less numerous and less before the public in our time, it is that, in general, intelligence has been more actively employed, and moreover that politics have made such a noise as prevented anything from being heard.'

Politics, we regret to say, have had a still worse effect on France than preventing anything from being heard; they have also gone far towards preventing anything from being said—that is, anything frankly, freely, or carelessly; anything which could be twisted to the disadvantage of the speaker; and the complete absence of distrust is essential to the *salon*. It is for this reason probably that the printed experiences of Mesdames de Bassanville and Ancelot break off some twenty years back, when gentlemen and ladies had not begun to look round them in a crowded room before alluding to any of the topics included in the well-known *Index Expurgatorius* of Figaro; either to authority, or religion, or morality, or to people in place, or to people out of place, or, in short, to anything that really concerns anybody.'

The work of the Comtesse de Bassanville is a posthumous publication, with a preface by the editor, who states that 'the happy *apropos* of her birth placed her on the limits of two worlds, at the moment when the old society which was crumbling, was confronted with the new society which was preparing to succeed it. The doors of both, he adds, were opened to her by her connexions. Her sister-in-law, the Duchesse de Laviiano, Neapolitan ambassadress at Paris, introduced her to the Princess de Vaudemont. Her father was the intimate friend of Isabey, the painter; and one of her uncles had made the campaign of Egypt with Bourrienne. She was also related to the great parliamentary families of Provence, through whom she became free of the *salon* of the Comtesse de Rumfort.'

Madame Ancelot, the wife of the dramatic author and academician, was herself the mistress of a very agreeable *salon*, which boasted a fair sprinkling of notabilities. She was honourably distinguished both in literature and art, and her attractions were not limited to her intellectual gifts or accomplishments. She was in as well as of the

world which she undertakes to portray; she puts down little or nothing at second-hand; and her sketches are almost always redolent of reality and life. She is so wedded to self-dependence, that she has not even ventured on an introductory retrospect of the brilliant *salons* or circles of antecedent periods, like those when the *Précieuses* assembled in the Hôtel Rambouillet, or the Du Deffants and D'Epinays (as described by Sydney Smith) 'violated all the common duties of life, and gave very pleasant little suppers.' The only instance in which she trusts to tradition, confirmed by personal impressions of a later date, is in describing the *salon* of Madame Le Brun, which was founded prior to the Revolution of 1789, and, renewed repeatedly at long intervals, survived the Revolution of July.

Madame Le Brun was largely endowed with all the chief requisites for the position at which she aimed. She had beauty, charm of manner, and celebrity—that kind of celebrity, too, which necessarily brings the possessor into direct contact with other first-class celebrities. She was the female Reynolds or Lawrence of her day: perhaps the most successful portrait-painter of her sex that ever lived. She was elected a member of all the continental academies of painting, and was on the point of being invested with the cordon of St. Michael, when the old monarchy was swept away. She visited most of the European capitals, where her fame had preceded her; and her success kept pace with her fame. She was received by Catherine of Prussia with the same favour which had been lavished on her by her first patroness, the ill-starred Marie Antoinette; and she sent from Italy a picture (her portrait of Paësillo) which, when placed alongside of a picture by David, extorted from him the bitter avowal: 'One would believe my picture painted by a woman and the portrait of Paësillo by a man.'

It was Mademoiselle de Staal, we believe, who, when her little room was full, called out to the fresh arrivals on the staircase, 'Attendez que mes sièges soient vides.' Madame Le Brun was frequently in the same predicament in her small apartment of the Rue de Cléry, where, for want of vacant chairs, marshals of France might be seen seated on the floor; a circumstance rendered memorable by the embarrassment of Marshal de Noailles, an enormously fat man, who was once unable to get up again. The Comte de Vaudreuil, the Prince de Ligne, Diderot, D'Alembert, Marmontel, La Harpe, with a host of great ladies, were amongst the throng, which also comprised a fair allowance of

originals. A farmer general, named Grimod de la Reynière, was conspicuous in this character, if only by dint of his hair, which was curled, and puffed to a breadth and height that rendered the putting on of his hat an impossibility. A short man who occupied the seat behind him at the opera, finding the view completely obstructed, contrived little by little to perforate a seeing place through the mass with his fingers. Grimod de la Reynière never stirred during the operation or the performance, but when the piece terminated, he drew a comb from his pocket, and calmly presented it to the gentleman, with these words: 'Monsieur, I have permitted you to see the ballet at your ease, not to interfere with your amusement: it is now your turn not to interfere with mine: I am going to a supper party; you must see that I cannot appear there with my hair in its present state, and you will have the goodness to arrange it properly, or to-morrow we must cross swords.' The peaceful alternative was laughingly accepted, and they parted friends.

A similar adventure is related of Turenne in his youth, and ended less agreeably for the future hero, who had cut off the side curls of an elderly chevalier in the pit, in order to see better. The offended senior was one of the best fencers in Paris, and Turenne was severely wounded in the duel that ensued. Not long after his recovery, he fell in with his old antagonist, who insisted on a renewal of the combat, with the pleasing intimation that a third or fourth meeting might still leave the satisfaction of wounded honour incomplete. Turenne was run through the sword-arm, and confined to his room for some weeks, at the end of which he was thinking how best to evade the further consequences of his indiscretion, when he was opportunely relieved by the death of the chevalier.

The name is peculiar, and a 'Grimod de la Reynière' was the editor and principal writer of the *Almanach des Gourmands*, which set the fashion of that semi-serious mode of discussing gastronomic subjects in and which Brillat-Savarin shone preëminent, which, we trust, will henceforth be dropped, for nothing can be worse than the taste and style of recent plagiarists and imitators. It was Grimod de la Reynière who said that a gala dinner occupied him five hours, although he could despatch an ordinary one in three hours and a half; cautioning his readers not to infer that he was a bad breakfast-eater.

Another of Madame le Brun's *habitués*, the Comte d'Espinchal, prided himself on know-

ing everybody belonging to what was termed society; and one night at an opera ball he gave a singular proof of the extent and accuracy of his information. Seeing a stranger, much agitated, hurrying from one room to another and examining group after group, he volunteered to aid him in the search in which he was apparently engaged. The stranger stated that he had arrived that very morning from Orleans with his wife; that she had begged to be taken to the ball; that he had lost her in the crowd, and that she knew neither the name of their hotel nor that of the street in which they had been set down. 'Make yourself easy,' said M. d'Espinchal, 'your wife is sitting in the *foyer* by the second window. I will take you to her.' He did so, and on being asked how he had recognized her, he replied; 'Nothing is more simple: your wife is the only woman in the ball that I do not know, and I took it for granted that she had just arrived from the country.' The husband was profuse in his thanks; but we are left in doubt whether the wife was equally grateful for the discovery.

David, the painter, who attached an undue importance to social distinctions from want of early familiarity with rank, was blaming Madame Le Brun for receiving so many great lords and ladies. 'Ah!' was her reply, 'you are mortified at not being a duke or marquis; as for me, to whom titles are indifferent, I receive all agreeable people with pleasure.' This was the secret of her success.

A useful if hackneyed moral may be enforced by a story told of her friend, M. de Beaujon, the financier, who built the Elysée Bourbon and fitted it up in a style of luxury that made it one of the wonders of Paris. An Englishman obtained leave to visit it and on entering the dining-room found a table magnificently laid out. 'Your master,' he observed to the maître-d'hôtel, 'makes wonderfully good cheer.' 'Hélas, sir, my master never sits down to a regular dinner: a single plate of vegetables is prepared for him.' 'Here at least is food for the eye,' said the visitor pointing to the pictures. 'Hélas, sir, my master is nearly blind.' 'Well,' resumed the Englishman on entering the second suite, 'he compensates himself by listening to good music.' 'Hélas, sir, my master has never heard the music which is played here; he goes to bed early in the hopes of snatching a few minutes' sleep.' 'But at all events he enjoys the pleasure of walking in that magnificent garden.' 'Hélas, sir, he cannot walk.' In a word, the supposed Lucullus was leading

the life of Tantalus; for all purposes of enjoyment, the millionaire was the poorest of the poor.

He also built the Hôtel Beaujon, now the property of one of the most eminent of modern French artists, the marine painter, M. Gudin, who has made it the seat of a liberal hospitality of which the original proprietor might be proud. It contains one room which, without any extraordinary stretch of imagination, might be converted into the scene of a telling drama by Victor Hugo or Dumas. It is a round room so constructed, that on touching a spring it turns on its axis till the door and windows are effaced.

The second *salon* on Madame Ancelot's list is also that of a painter, Gerard, whose reputation, dating from the commencement of the century, speedily became European. He ended, we are told, by painting all the crowned heads of the Continent; and it was said of him that he was at once the painter of kings and the king of painters. His houses, in town and country, were open to the *élite* of every land who happened to be sojourning in Paris; and amongst his intimates are enumerated Madame de Staél, Talleyrand, Pozzo de Bergo, Cuvier, Humboldt, Rossini, Martinez de la Rosa, Alfred de Vigny, Beyle, Mérimée, &c. &c. 'In whatever Gerard had set about,' remarks Madame Ancelot, 'he would have succeeded so as to be found in the first line, and although born in an inferior condition, however high the rank to which he had attained, he would never have been a *parvenu*; he would have been an *arrive*—arrived by the main road, in the light of day, in the sight, with the knowledge, and with the approbation of all.' We should be puzzled to name an instance in which the distinctive merit of the French language is more strikingly illustrated than by the contrast of *arrive* with *parvenu*.

Gerard's Wednesdays lasted with rare intermissions for thirty years; and their attractive character may be collected from the varied complexion and acquirements of the company. The evening of her matriculation, Madame Ancelot found Gerard relating as a fact what certainly sounds very like a fable or an acted proverb.

The scene is Florence. A young man of rank calls on a painter named Carlo Pedrero, to order a picture of Hymen. There is no time to be lost. I want it the day before my marriage with the beautiful Francesca. The God of Marriage must be accompanied by all the Graces and all the Joys; his torch must be more brilliant than that of Love; the expression of his face must be

more celestial, and his happiness must appear to be borrowed more from heaven than from earth. Tax your imagination to the uttermost, and I will pay you in proportion.'

'The painter surpassed himself; what he brought the day before the wedding was a genuine master-piece; but the young man was not satisfied, and maintained that Hymen was far from being painted with all his charms. The artist took the criticism in good part; made the best excuse in his power on the ground of haste: said that the colours would mellow with time; and took leave promising to have the picture ready by the return of the bridegroom from his honeymoon trip. At the expiration of some months, the votary of Hymen came to claim the picture, and on the first glance exclaimed, "Ah, you had good reason to say that time would improve your picture! What a difference! However, I cannot help telling you that the face of Hymen is too gay; you have given him a joybeaming air which by no means belongs to him." "Sir," replied the painter, laughing, "it is not my picture that has changed, but your state of feeling. Some months ago you were in love, now you are — married."

Gerard had finished his story in the middle of the applauding merriment which it provoked, when one of the listeners struck in: 'And do you know what happened afterwards?' Every eye turned to him. He was about the same age as Gerard, a little taller, with refined, intelligent and animated features, and his whole exterior conveyed the impression of a man of family, with distinction, carelessness, and wit. He continued, smiling: 'The painter, content with the price he had received, promised to represent Hymen so as to please both lovers and husbands, and after some months he opened his rooms to the public for the exhibition of this master-piece, perhaps imprudently promised. The public came, but only a few were admitted at a time. The picture was placed in a long gallery, and quite at the end. The effect of the colours was so contrived as to render the portrait of Hymen appear charming to those who saw it from a distance; but seen close it was no longer the same, and nothing that had so charmed was discovered in it.'

This ingenious and improvised continuation was duly applauded, not the less when the narrator stood confessed as one of the royalties of science, Alexander von Humboldt. There is a story however that compresses the point of the narrative in two pithy sentences; that of the Irishman ex-

claiming — 'During the first three months after my marriage I was so fond of my wife that I was ready to eat her up: at the end of the second three months I was sorry I did not.'

We are introduced to the Duchess d'Abbrantes at the house of Madame Ancelot, exclaiming: 'Qu'on est donc bien ainsi la nuit pour causer! On ne craint ni les ennuyeux ni les *creanciers*.' Here was the secret; she was never out of debt, yet she would have her *salon*, whether in a palace or a garret; and distinguished friends flock'd round her to the last. Her eldest son resembled her in improvidence. It was, he who produced a piece of stamped paper with the remark: 'You see this piece of paper. It is worth 25 centimes; when I have written my name at the bottom, it will be worth nothing.' She was the widow of Junot, and descended from the imperial family of Commène. Balzac, after his presentation to her, exclaimed: 'That woman has seen Napoleon in his infancy; has seen him a young man, still unknown; has seen him occupied with the common affairs of life; then she has seen him grow great, mount high, and cover the world with his name. She is to me like one of the blessed who should come and seat himself at my side, after having dwelt in heaven close to God.' In his own lodgings he had erected a little altar to Napoleon with the inscription; 'Ce qu'il avait commencé par l'épée, je l'acheverai par la plume.'

Associated with this *salon* is the memory of the Marquise de Polastron, the heroine of a romantic passion, which has well earned a record by its durability and effects. She was the beloved of the Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X., whom she followed to England in 1792. She there gave herself up to devotion, and on her death-bed imparted her religious convictions to the Prince in the sincere and avowed hope of securing their reunion in a better world. Young, handsome, and gallant as he was at this epoch, he promised complete fidelity, which no time should alter. Madame Ancelot believes that he kept his word, and 'on the throne as well as in exile, nothing could distract him from the austerity of a life, all the poetry of which was an ardent aspiration towards that heaven where the woman he so fondly loved was expecting him.'

Mademoiselle Plessy was originally brought forward by a distinguished member of this set, and it is told of her that when she was little more than sixteen, and had just been playing in Madame Ancelot's

*Mariage Raisonné*, an English lord, ‘young, handsome, enormously rich, and member of parliament,’ made her this proposition: ‘Are you willing to quit the stage, become my wife, and inhabit a magnificent château in Northumberland? As for me, I will remain nine months of the year with you, and I will only go to London for the session. We shall there spend tête-à-tête the best years of our youth; then, when you have reached thirty, we will go to London together, where you will be presented and received as one of the greatest ladies of England.’

About the same time, another English lord, Lord W., the type of elegance and fashion, came to Paris, and the Marquis de Custines proposed taking him to a party at the Princess Czartoriska’s. He came accordingly, went through the required forms with the hostess, and was seen to mingle with the company; but when M. de Custines looked for him with a view to a promised introduction to Madame Ancelot, he had vanished. Early the next morning, M. de Custines called to inquire for his lordship, and found him on the point of starting for England, the carriage packed and post-horses at the door. ‘But you came to pass the winter in Paris?’ ‘How can I after this shocking event?’ ‘What event?’ ‘Do not try to conceal my misfortune.’ ‘But what misfortune?’ ‘Alas!’

The solution of the mystery was this: Lord W., ready dressed, with the exception of his polished leather shoes, was seated by the fire in red morocco slippers. In his eagerness not to keep M. de Custines waiting when the carriage was announced, he forgot his shoes; and it was in the middle of the Princess’s *salon* that he first became aware of the red slippers on his feet. Overcome with shame, he rushed out like one possessed, threw himself into the first hack carriage he could find, and hurried to his hotel to call up his servants and get ready for a start. It was found impossible to alter his resolution, and he drove off pursued and haunted by the phantom of ridicule which he had conjured up.

It would be difficult to say anything new of Madame Récamier, or to improve upon Madame Mohl’s sketch of her beautiful and fascinating friend;\* but there is a subdued and refined malice in Madame Ancelot’s impressions of this celebrated lady and her *salon*, that tempts us to borrow a trait or two. Despite of her personal attractions,

the charm by which she drew round her such a succession of illustrious admirers is pronounced, on careful analysis, to have been neither more nor less than flattery. She is compared to Sterne’s beggar, who never failed to extort a donation from rich and poor, old and young, the most occupied and the most uncharitable, by a dexterous appeal to their self-love; and her stereotyped phrase in addressing an artist, writer, or orator of note, is reported to have run thus: ‘The emotion which I feel at the sight of a superior man prevents me from expressing as I could wish all my admiration, all my sympathy. But you guess — you comprehend — my emotion says enough.’

This, or something like it, murmured in tremulous tones with a befitting accompaniment of glances, seldom or never failed; and neither pains nor expense were spared to bring any one whom she especially wished to fascinate within reach of her spell. An amusing story is told of her hiring a house at Auteuil, in order to get acquainted with a statesman in power who had taken up his temporary residence there for his health. The plot, we regret to say, failed; either for want of sufficient opportunity, or by reason of the pre-occupation of the intended victim.

Chateaubriand, we need hardly state, was for many years the distinguishing feature of her *salon*, where he was worshipped (to borrow Beyle’s simile) like the Grand Lama. When he deigned to talk, everybody was bound to listen; and nobody was allowed to talk a moment longer than seemed agreeable to the idol, who had well-understood ways of intimating his weariness or impatience. When he was moderately tired of the speaker, he stroked an ugly cat placed purposely on a chair by his side; when tired beyond endurance, he began playing with a bell-rope conveniently hung within reach. This was the signal for Madame de Récamier to rush to the rescue, *coute qui coute*. His deafness, too, was observed to come and go upon occasions; confirming Talleyrand’s sarcastic remark, that the author of the *Génie du Christianisme* lost his sense of hearing about the time when the world left off talking of him. His vanity was excessive, but he knew his weakness, and could trifling with it; as Madame Ancelot bears testimony, by repeating his own story of what fell out at the first representation of his tragedy of *Moïse* at the Odéon theatre:

‘I went to bed,’ he said, ‘not wishing to make any change in my habits, lest people

\* *Madame Recamier: with a Sketch of the History of Society in France.* By Madame M. \*\*\*. London, 1862.

should believe me anxious about the result.' 'But,' added he, with a smile, 'the fact is, I did not go to sleep, and I waited with impatience the arrival of my old servant, whom I had sent with directions to see and listen attentively, so as to give me an account of what took place. I was kept waiting a long time for his return, which induced me to hope that the piece had been acted to the end; and I was beginning to laugh at myself for refusing to receive news of my work through my friends, competent judges, and for expecting anxiously the opinion of my domestic, when he entered unceremoniously, excusing himself for arriving so late on the ground of the length of the spectacle, but saying nothing of what had happened. I was obliged to question him.

"Well, how did it go off?"

"Perfectly, Monsieur le Vicomte. They did indeed try to make a little noise."

"During the tragedy?"

"Yes, Monsieur le Vicomte, during the tragedy. But that did not last long, and they soon got merry again."

"Merry? during the tragedy?"

"Oh, yes, Monsieur le Vicomte; I will answer for it that they were pleased in the pit where I was, for they never left off laughing, and saying such funny things that I laughed heartily too."

This may pair off with Charles Lamb's story of what occurred during the first (and only) representation of his farce, *Mr. H.* It had not gone far, when his neighbor in the pit turned round to him and said: 'This is sad stuff, sir; I'll hiss, if you'll begin.'

Madame Mohl's reminiscences of Madame Récamier and her society leave a far more favorable and (we believe) correct impression of them. The following passage may afford a useful hint or two to any English aspirant to the honours of a *salon*:

*Tête-à-têtes* in a low voice were entirely disengaged. If any of the younger *habitués* took this liberty, they received a gentle chiding in a real *tête-à-tête* when everybody was gone. There were generally from six to twelve persons. Madame Récamier sat on one side of the fireplace, the others round in a circle. Two or three stood against the chimney-piece, and spoke loud enough to be heard by all. Whoever had an observation to make contributed it to the common stock. Madame Récamier spoke little, but threw in an occasional word; or if a new person entered who happened to know anything of the subject going on, she would instantly question him, that the others might be aware of it; otherwise it was his place to try and understand. If any one in the

circle was likely to have any special knowledge, she would appeal to him with an air of deference; if he chanced to be unknown and shy, her manner raised his spirits. Some, who before they frequented the Abbaye could only talk to one or two persons, soon learnt to put their ideas into the compact form fitted for several. The number who were thus drawn into the conversation secured this advantage; that talking of the weather or of one's health, or any other egotistical topic, could scarcely be indulged in long.

Sometimes a chance visitor would come in: occasionally, if a lady, she would sit down by Madame Récamier, and in a low voice tell her something extremely unworthy of so much mystery. Meantime, the circular conversation was going on, and Madame Récamier could not attend to it. On one occasion of this sort, after the lady was gone, she complained of having lost the thread: some one said of the whisperer, 'No doubt it was from timidity.' 'When people are too timid to speak, they should be modest enough to listen,' was her answer — which ought to become an axiom.

The talent for narration is much cultivated in Paris. Sometimes one of the *habitués*, standing up, would tell his story; it was short and pithy. A wise or witty remark would shoot forth from one of the circle; then a quick repartee rose up like a rocket from another side. If a *mot* was particularly happy, Madame Récamier would take it up and show it to the audience as a connoisseur shows a picture. She was not fond of talking. If she knew an anecdote *apropos* of something, she would call on any one else who knew it also to relate it, though no one narrated better than herself.

No one ever understood more thoroughly how to show off others to the best advantage: if she was able to fathom their minds, she would always endeavor to draw up what was valuable. This was one of her great charms; and as the spirits of the speaker were raised by his success, he became really more animated, and his ideas and words flowed on more rapidly.

Speaking of a person who had fine qualities, but, from the violence of her feelings and the vivacity of her fancy, kept those she loved in perpetual agitation, Madame Récamier said: 'Il n'y a que la raison qui ne fatigue pas à la longue.' Equally suggestive is the maxim: 'On ne plait pas longtemps si l'on n'a qu'une sorte d'esprit.'

We are glad that Madame Ancelot has devoted a chapter to the Vicomte d'Arlincourt, although neither his habits nor (during the greater part of his life) his means qualified him for the establishment of a *salon*. He was an amusing combination of talent, amiability, and absurdity. His novel, *Le Solitaire*, and some others of his writings, attained temporary popularity; and he was permitted to assume the position o

a distinguished man of letters, although he tried in vain to consolidate his title by one of the forty *fauteuils* of the Academy. He made up for this disappointment as he best might by procuring all the foreign orders he could pick up, and on grand occasions he appeared with three stars, two broad ribands, and seventeen smaller decorations on his breast. Replying rather to a look than a remark directed towards them, he exclaimed to Madame Ancelot: 'I am expecting two more.' In the threefold capacity of Vicomte, legitimist, and man of letters, he was fond of coupling himself with Chateaubriand: 'Paris,' he would say, 'cares for nothing but her two viscounts—the two great writers of the nineteenth century.' His imitation of his illustrious parallel went to the length of writing a tragedy, *Le Siège de Paris*, which the audience persisted in treating as a comedy. One of the *dramatis personæ* is made to say:

'Mon vieux père, en ce lieu, seul à manger m'apporte.'

This sounded and was understood as 'seul a mangé ma porte,' on which a man in the pit called out: 'The old fellow must have had good teeth;' and the joke was clamorously applauded. The author rubbed his hands, delightedly remarking, 'C'est comme Chateaubriand, et comme Victor Hugo.' This is the *vittus imitabile* with a vengeance.

By dint of constant pressure, he got a writer in the *Journal des Débats* to prepare a criticism on his poem entitled *Ismalie, ou la Mort et l'Amour*. The day before its promised insertion, the critic was invited to dinner, and so agreeably engaged as to manifest a strong reluctance to go away for the purpose of correcting the proofs. 'Leave that to me,' said D'Arlincourt, 'and do you stay here and amuse the company till I come back.' He hurried off to the printing office, and proceeded to correct the article according to his own understanding of the process. He struck out not only every shade of censure but every limitation of the praise. He substituted *genius* for *talent*, *choses sublimes* for *bonnes choses*, and so on. The surprise of the writer, the editor, and the public, on the following morning, may be guessed. As for the happy author, who saw not the smallest impropriety or bad faith in rendering himself what he thought simple justice in this fashion, he bought an immense number of copies, and started on a tour of visits. Wherever he called, he incidentally introduced the subject of the

*Journal des Débats*, spoke of its usual reticence of praise, and produced the flattering exception in his own case, contriving to drop the paper as he went away in some spot where it was sure to attract attention.

His legitimist opinions and his reputation procured him an invitation to Froßdorff, the residence of the exiled royal family, where he stayed a fortnight. On leaving, he said to one of the suite, 'How I pity these unhappy princesses,' a burst of sentiment which seemed natural enough till he added, 'How bored they will be now that I have quitted the palace, for during the last fortnight I read my works aloud to them every evening.'

We now turn to Madame de Bassanville, who has followed nearly the same plan as Madame Ancelot. Her characteristic traits and illustrative anecdotes are selected with equal tact, and she possesses the same talent of narration. She starts with the Princes de Vaudemont, *née Montmorency*, *grande dame* to the tips of her fingers, although her face and figure ill qualified her for the part. She was not only short and red-faced, but plump and thin at the same time, that is, plump where she ought to be thin, and thin where she ought to be plump. Yet she carried off all her physical disadvantages by dint of air, manner, and address. Superior to exclusiveness, she attracted and received merit and distinction of all kinds and classes, on the one condition of agreeability. She made a point of being at home every evening, giving up balls, plays, concerts, and evening engagements, for years; and if by a rare accident she dined out, she was punctually at home by nine; the visitors who preceded her being received in her absence by her *dame de compagnie*, Madame Leroy.

One of her most intimate friends was the Duchesse de Duras, who had resided in England during the emigration, and there made the acquaintance of a tall stiff nobleman, Lord Claydford, whom some of our readers may succeed in identifying by the following anecdote narrated by her. During the Queen's trial, he was on his way to the House of Lords, when his carriage was stopped by the mob, and he was required to join in the cry of 'Long live the Queen:' 'With all my heart, my friends; long live Queen Caroline, and may your wives and daughters resemble her.' Another story told of him is not authenticated by the same stamp of probability.

Lord Claydford had an only son whom he adored, and he also possessed a superb Newfoundland dog, named Black. One

day the son fell into the river, and would have been drowned without the prompt assistance of Black. A few days after this event, Lord Claydfort invited his family to a grand festival. The table was covered with the rarest dishes and the finest fruit, and in the middle was an immense *pâté*, in the form of a tomb. ‘My friends,’ said his lordship, his eyes moistened by emotion, pointing to the *pâté*, ‘here reposes the excellent Black, to whom I owe my son. I thought that the best mode of proving my gratitude was to parcel him out amongst you, so that his flesh might mingle with your blood. Do as I do, and let your stomachs be his eternal resting-place.’ ‘Does not this,’ adds Madame Ancelot, ‘recall the reply of the savage to the civilised man?—“Barbarian, you eat your aged father.” “Ingrate, you leave yours to be eaten by the worms.”’

Speaking of another *habitué* of this *salon*, she says: The Englishman’s name was Cunningham, a puritan of the first order, professing the deepest hatred for France, although living more in Paris than London, and seeming to live most happily amongst the French. It was told of him that, the English ministers being anxious to have him of the Cabinet on account of his city interest, Mr. Pitt went the length of calling on him. ‘I come,’ he said, ‘to assure you in the King’s name of the pleasure it would give him to offer you an employment worthy of your merit.’ As Mr. Cunningham bowed without answering, his dinner was announced. ‘I was just going to dinner, sir,’ he said, with smile, ‘and if your excellency will do me the honour of sharing my humble meal, we will afterwards talk of the subject which brings you here.’ Pitt eagerly accepted. They went to the dining-room, and the dinner consisted of hashed mutton, potatoes, a pudding, and a pot of beer. When they had got to the cheese, Mr. Cunningham reflected that the confidential moment had arrived, and sent away the servant who had waited on them, that he might be alone with his guest, who, believing that he could renew his offers with better chance of success on account of the apparent poverty of his host, frankly explained the object of his visit. ‘Mr. Minister,’ replied the Amphitryon, ‘you will tell the King that my fortune suffices for my moderate wants, and that a man who lives on so little is not for sale.’

This, we need hardly explain, is the story of Andrew Marvell modernised. It may be taken as a specimen of the guise in

which English history and biography figure in the light literature of France.

The French Lifeguards (*gardes du corps*) under the Restoration had got into bad odour, like the Tenth forty years since. A label was posted on their barracks: ‘Fabrique de plats argentés qui ne vont pas au feu;’ a singularly unjust sarcasm, for no corps had better reason to boast of the bravery of its members. One of them, the Vicomte de S., was talking to a friend in the green-room of the opera on a ball night, when all of a sudden a stranger rushed upon him, and without saying a word gave him a box on the ear. Whilst every one was lost in astonishment and terror at the probable results, the aggressor (an American) cried out: ‘Oh, Heavens, I have made a mistake—accept my best apologies, sir.’ Apologies were out of the question. The affront could only be expiated by blood. A duel ensued the next morning, and the American was wounded in the arm. ‘My name,’ said he to the Vicomte, who had spared him, ‘is ——. I start to-morrow for Havre; but if you are not completely satisfied, I am at your service for fifteen days, at the end of which I embark for Louisiana, where my property lies.’

They separated on terms of courtesy. But the comrades of the Vicomte having declared the wound of the American much too slight to expiate the offence offered to a lifeguardsman, when the honour of the corps was at stake, the conqueror found himself constrained to set out for Havre, to recommence the chastisement he had already inflicted on his adversary. This time the American was run through the body, and left for dead: the doctors of Havre gave him but a few hours to live. The Vicomte returned triumphant, though saddened, and the story was almost forgotten, when news arrived that the American had belied the medical prophecy, and was alive and merry in America. This news was brought by an enemy of the Lifeguards, who satirically observed that the people whom they killed enjoyed excellent health.

Their reputation was involved: there was no help for it, and the Vicomte started for Louisiana with his mind thoroughly made up to bring the affair to a definite conclusion this time. The sensations of the American on seeing him were the reverse of agreeable. ‘But you must be the devil incarnate. I give you a box on the ear by mistake: you wound me in the arm. That

is not enough: you run me through the body and leave me for dead. 'What more do you want?' 'To kill you outright.' The American gave a start. 'You have, then, set your heart on killing me?' 'Not at all: but I have set my heart on my position, and so long as you live I shall be a cause of scandal to my regiment.' The American fell into deep thought, 'If you resigned your commission I could live without inconveniencing you, could I not?' he suddenly inquired. The Frenchman burst out laughing. 'No doubt,' he replied, gaily; 'for it is not on my own account that I want to put you to death, I give you my word. I have not the smallest ill-feeling towards you; but I cannot adopt your suggestion, because I am young, without fortune, and cannot sacrifice my position to save you. Come, you must make up your mind.' The American burst out laughing in his turn. 'I propose to you in exchange for your epaulettes my daughter, who is young, handsome, and will have a million for her dowry. Do you agree?' The Vicomte did agree, and the catastrophe was cut short, like many other impending catastrophes, by a marriage.

Some good stories are told of Isabey, *apropos of his salon*. When the allied sovereigns met at Paris in 1815, he was commissioned to paint a picture of the Congress of Vienna, in which the whole of the members were to be introduced. 'Monsieur,' said the Duke of Wellington, 'I consent to appear in your picture solely on condition that I occupy the first place; it is mine, and I insist upon it.' 'My dear friend,' whispered Talleyrand, who represented France, 'for your sake and mine, I ought to occupy the first place in your picture or not appear in it at all.' How were these two pretensions to be reconciled? It must, notwithstanding, be done; and this is what the artist resolved on after the deepest reflection: 'The Duke was represented entering the chamber of conference, and all eyes were fixed upon him: he might, therefore, believe himself the king of the scene; whilst Prince Talleyrand, seated in the central chair, had thereby the place of honour in the picture. Besides, Isabey persuaded the noble Duke that he was much handsomer seen in profile, because he then resembled Henry IV.; which so adroitly flattered his Grace that he insisted absolutely on purchasing the sketch of this picture, which is now in England, and ranks in the family of the noble lord as one of the most glorious memorials of his career.' Of the internal probability of this story, which we

have translated literally, it is for our readers to judge.

A difficulty of an opposite description was raised by Humboldt (the diplomat), who had no reason to pride himself on his good looks, and was conscious of the fact, 'look at me,' was his reply to Isabey's request for a sitting, 'and acknowledge that nature has given me so ugly a face that you cannot but approve the law I have laid down, never to spend a halfpenny to preserve the likeness for posterity. Dame Nature would have too good a laugh at my expense on seeing me sit for my portrait; and to punish her for the shabby trick she has played me, I will never give her that pleasure.' Isabey did not despair, but simply requested Humboldt to allow him an hour's conversation the next morning. The request was granted, and when the picture appeared he exclaimed, 'I determined to pay nothing for my portrait, and the rogue of a painter has taken his revenge by making it like!'

There is a dressmaker at Paris, named Worth, who professes to imagine and compose dresses according to the genuine principles of art; to blend and harmonise form and colour like a painter, with a studied view to effect. It is an understood thing, when he has produced a *chef-d'œuvre*, that the favoured customer is to give him a private view to be adjusted and touched up. In this treatment of the living form like a lay figure, he was anticipated by Isabey, who, whenever his wife wished to be more than ordinarily smart, undertook in person the pleasing task of attiring her in this fashion:

'When Madame Isabey was completely dressed all but her robe or gown, and had got together a sufficient stock of silk, gauze and laces, she sent for her husband, who proceeded to cut, shape, and pin on till the costume was complete.' On one occasion, when cloth of gold and silver was the fashion, he made her a robe for a fancy ball with gold and silver paper pasted upon muslin, which, according to the chronicler, extorted the envy of many and the admiration of all.' It should be added that everything became Madame Isabey, who was remarkably handsome.

Few women occupied a more distinguished position in the Parisian society of the last generation than the Comtesse Merlin. She had birth, wealth, and accomplishment, besides agreeable manners and a warm heart. She was an amateur musician of the first class, and her concerts were of the highest excellence, for all the great composers and singers regarded her as a sister,

and put forth their utmost powers when she called upon them.

All the evenings (says Madame de Bassanville) were not consecrated to music. The arts, literature, science, even the futilities of the world, had their turn; but when I say futilities, I do not say sillinesses, for the intimacy of the countess included as many distinguished women as men of merit. To begin, there was the Princess Beljoso, patrician and plebeian combined; great lady and artist, uniting all the most opposite qualities, as if to show that whether on the first or last rung of the world's ladder, she would have been out of the line. The Duchesse de Plaisance was then aiming at rivalry with her, and one evening they were talking of the *salon* of Madame Merlin. 'This *salon*,' said one of the ladies present, is a regular collection; everything is represented in it: the arts, by Malibran and Rossini; literature, by Villemain; poetry, by Alfred de Musset; journalism, by MM. Malitorne and Merle.' 'Beauty,' added Madame de Plaisance, eagerly, 'by Mdlle. de Saint-Aldegonde; wit, by Madame de Balby.' 'And you, madame, what do you represent?' asked the Princess, with a bitter smile; for she thought herself entitled to two at least of the distinctions which were so lightly accorded to others. The Duchess, who reddened at this question, replied, naively, with a charming smile, 'Mon Dieu, je ne sais pas — vertu, peut-être.' 'Nous prenez vous donc pour des masques?' rejoined the Princess.

It was Madame Merlin who said 'J'aime fort les jeux innocents avec ceux qui ne le sont pas.' Her games, innocent or the contrary, were intended to bring out the talents of her society, which abounded in talents. At a single game of *forfeits*, M. Villemain was condemned to make speech, M. Berryer to tell a story, Alfred de Musset to improvise another, and Philippe Dupin to compose a history on a given subject: *La Feme et le Chien*, on which he produced a charming one with a moral.

She proscribed politics the more willingly because she was opposed to the liberal opinions in vogue, and was fond of turning representative institutions into ridicule. Her favourite story on this subject ran thus: —

A colonist of St. Domingo, my respectable relative, had a mania for establishing a kind of domestic congress amongst his negroes. Everything was done by the plurality of votes, and, above all, they were recommended to vote according to their consciences. Nevertheless, the result was found to be always in accordance with the secret desire of the master. One day he took it into his head to establish a reform on several points of his administration. He proposed, in my presence, to these good people to decree that henceforth the offender that hitherto

had been punished with five lashes, should receive seven; that they should have twenty-five rations instead of thirty; and, lastly, that a part of their allowance should be kept back for the benefit of certain half-castes, who had nothing, and rested while the others worked. Well — who would believe it? — these propositions, so adverse to their interests, were adopted by a large majority.

'What stupid creatures these blacks are!' I exclaimed, when I was alone with my relative.

'Less than you think,' replied he. 'I have been playing a comedy for my amusement. *Voila tout!* Do you not remark that I have reserved to myself the right of putting the questions and collecting the votes? Well, that is the whole secret! I comprehended at once, and yet this expedient, so simple, so easy, so natural, would never have occurred to me.'

It is an expedient that readily occurred to the framer of the Imperial system of representation; and it is one, moreover, to which he will probably be compelled to revert.

Count d'Orsay is frequently named in connexion with this *salon* and two or three others, in which he may have been seen during his flying visits to Paris prior to his final return. All French writers will have it that he was the king of fashion in England for twenty years; and the following story is told in proof of his supremacy. The Count was returning from a steeplechase when he was caught in a storm. Looking round him, he observed a sailor wrapped up in a loose overcoat of coarse cloth reaching to his knees. 'Will you sell your great-coat?' said the Count, after tempting the sailor into a public-house by the offer of a dram. 'Willingly, my lord,' answered the sailor, pocketing the ten guineas offered him for a garment not worth one. The Count put it on, and rode into London. The storm had blown over, and he joined the riders in the Park, who all flocked round him with exclamation of 'C'est original, c'est charmant, c'est délicieux! No one but D'Orsay would have thought of such a thing.' The day following all the fashionables wore similar overcoats, and behold the invention of the paletot, which, like the tri-colour, has made the tour of the world.'

The plain matter of fact is that D'Orsay was a very agreeable fellow, remarkable for social tact, good humour, and good sense. He exercised considerable influence in a particular set at a time when the autocrats of fashion had been dethroned or abdicated, and the lower empire had begun. When he came upon the stage, men were getting careless of dress, they were growing sick of affectation, and a second Brummel was an

impossibility. D'Orsay had very few imitators, and his notoriety rested on his singularity. We say his notoriety; for those who knew him well had a real regard for him on account of his fineness of perception, his geniality, and his wit. The Earl of Norwich, who took the lead among the *beaux esprits* in the court of Charles I., was voted a bore at the Restoration. A somewhat similar fate befel D'Orsay when he returned to France with Lady Blessington. His countrymen would not or could not understand what the English had discovered in him. We happened to be with him at a dinner, mostly made up of artistic, literary and political celebrities, when the conversation was directed to a topic on which he was admirably qualified to shine—the comparative merits of the English and French schools of painting. He talked his best and talked well, yet his failure was undeniable. He was quickly, almost contemptuously, put down.

The *salon* of the Comtesse de Rumfort, is one of the most noteworthy recorded by Madame de Bassanville, but we can only find room for the sketch of one of her *habituées*, a female physician, a Yankee doctress, named Palmyra, who claimed an unbroken descent, in the male line from Cortez, was pre-eminently beautiful, and appeared every day in the Tuileries gardens, between two hideous negresses who acted as foils. She only received patients of her own sex, and her fee for a consultation was more than treble what was commonly paid to the first regular physician in Paris :

What do you suppose was her prescription ? Jalaps, potions, bleeding, purges, tonics, leeches ? Nothing of the kind. All that might do for MM. Diaforius, Desfonandres, or Purgon. She prescribed amusements, new dresses, *fêtes*, balls, garlands of flowers, pleasure trips.

She would say to one—‘ You are suffering from languor : you must go oftener to balls ; I will teach you a new step.’

To another—‘ Your weak point is your nerves. Your husband must give you a new set of dresses. This gown does not become you. Write directly to your dressmaker.’

To a third—‘ You are wasting away. Yes, I understand—a diamond necklace must be administered by your husband.’

To a fourth—‘ Your pulse, which I have just felt carefully, demands a new equipage.’

The fair patients went away delighted, and none of them regretted the fee of six crowns that was to cost the husband two or three thousand. What science ! what a *coup-d’œil* ! what admirable therapeutics ! Willingly would they have shouted out, *Enfonce, Hippocrate !* as the romanticists shouted out at the commence-

ment of the Revolution of 1830—‘ *Enfonce Racine !* ’ It is not recorded that the husbands were equally satisfied ; and I imagine the contrary, for Palmyra disappeared one fine morning, without any one knowing what had become of her.

Madame de Bassanville has many more upon her list ; which might be enlarged at discretion, for during most of the period of which she treats almost every one with a large acquaintance and competent means took a day. To the best of our belief, based on personal knowledge, Alfred de Vigny conscientiously adhered to *his* for a full quarter of a century.

Social sway in France was at no time monopolised by Frenchwomen. The Russians were formidable competitors, especially the Princess Bagratien, the Princess Lieven, and Madame Svetchine, whose *salon* exercised a marked influence on the religious movement of the age. The Americans were occasionally well represented, as by Mrs. Child, the daughter of General Henry Lee ; and we remember when the best society were wont to meet in the *salon* of Madame Graham, the wife of a Scotch Laird of moderate fortune.

We must turn to other sources than our two female reminiscents for the materials of a brief retrospect.

The *salons* of the seventeenth century have been rendered familiar to all conversant with modern French literature by M. Cousin, to whom it has been a labor of love to portray, analyse and speculate on the lives and characters of their founders and illustrations. The results of his researches have been ably and pleasantly compressed by Madame Mohl. ‘ Of the distinguished ladies of the seventeenth century,’ she remarks ‘ the Marquise de Rambouillet deserves the first place, not only as the earliest in order of time, but because she first set on foot that long series of *salons* which for two hundred and fifty years have been a real institution, known only to modern civilisation. The general spirit of social intercourse that was afloat ; the great improvement in the education of women of the higher classes ; and, above all, the taste, not to say the passion, for their society, aided by the general prosperity under Henry IV., might indeed have created *salons* ; but it is to Madame de Rambouillet’s individual qualities that we owe the moral stamp given to the society she founded, which, in spite of all the inferior imitations that appeared for long after, remains the precedent which has always been unconsciously followed.’

The famous Hotel, built after plans drawn by her, was situate in the Rue St. Thomas du Louvre, close to the Hôtel Longueville; both have been destroyed. It is described by Madame Scudéry as full of objects of art and curiosity. Around one room were the portraits of her dearest friends: a style of ornament which, prompted by the same kindly feeling and good taste, Frances Countess of Waldegrave has adopted with happiest effect at Strawberry Hill. The drawing-room of the Hotel, then called a *cabinet*, had windows opening from top to bottom on gardens reaching to the Tuilleries. This room led into others, forming a suit, a fashion introduced by her, as was also that of perfuming them with baskets of flowers hung about.

The origin of the French Academy has been clearly traced to the coterie which met in this drawing-room; one of their favourite pursuits being the improvement of the language. 'Several words,' says Madame Mohl, 'were banished from conversation by the Marquise so completely that I could not venture even to quote them.' Judging from words that have kept their ground, the queen of the *précieuses* might have banished a good many more without being accused of prudery. She was tall, handsome and dignified, with a marked expression of sweetness and benevolence. 'I loved her, I venerated her, I adored her. She was like no one else,' exclaims the Grande Mademoiselle. Her charm was inherited by her eldest daughter, Julie, who exercised a joint influence at the hotel, till she quitted it to marry the Marquis de Montausier; and three or four years afterwards, 1648, the intellectual intercourse of their circle was rudely interrupted by the Fronde.

Immediately after the cessation of political turmoil, Mademoiselle de Scudéry began her famous Saturday evenings, to which M. Cousin alludes in his account of her society:

'As at first nothing was thought of but harmless amusement, these assemblies were for a long time free from pedantry. The habitual conversation was easy and airy, tending to pleasantry; the women, like those of the Hôtel Rambouillet, were correct without prudery or primness; the men were gallant and attentive, and surrounded them with the graceful homage which distinguished the best manners of the time. A slight shade of tenderness was allowed, but passion was entirely forbidden. The greatest stretch of gallantry was a certain semblance of Platonic love, and even this

introduced now and then some slight jealousies.'

Mademoiselle de Scudéry, who has drawn her own intellectual portrait under the name of Sappho, was very plain, and dark complexioned; a mortifying circumstance at a time when *blondes* were pre-eminently in vogue. But she had admirers in abundance, and her Platonic *liaison* with Péliston is cited as a masterpiece of that much calumniated species of tie. Describing it under her feigned name in the *Grand Cyrus*, she says: —

Phaon's love increased with his happiness, and Sappho's affection became more tender from the knowledge of the great love he had for her. No hearts ever were so united, and never did love join so much purity to so much ardour. They told all their thoughts to each other; they even understood them without words; they saw in each other's eyes their whole hearts, and sentiments so tender, that the more they knew each other, the more entire was their love. Peace was not, however, so profoundly established as to let their affection grow dull or languid; for although they loved each other as much as it is possible to love, they complained each in turn that it was not enough.

Her Saturdays did not last above five years, and Madame Mohl states that her assemblies never acquired the importance of those of the Hôtel Rambouillet or of Madame de Sablé, nor of many that succeeded each other through the eighteenth century, down to those of Madame Récamier.

The Marquise de Sablé, to whom M. Cousin has devoted a volume, was the real successor to the Marquise de Rambouillet; and has been justly cited as one of the earliest instances of women, no longer young, rich, nor handsome, becoming more influential in the mellow evening of their lives than in the brilliant morning or the glowing noon. Madame de Sable, an admired beauty of the Court of Anne of Austria, was a childless widow, past fifty, and without literary reputation, when her *salon* was at the height of its fame: when we find Mazarin noting down in his pocket-book the names of the personages of consideration that frequented it, concluding with this N.B.: — 'Madame de Longueville is very intimate with Madame de Sable; they talk freely of everybody. I must get some one into her assemblies to tell me what they say.'

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iety to know what was going on at the Hôtel Rambouillet after he had left off visiting there. He sent his secretary, Boisrobert, to request the Marquise, as an act of friendship, to let him know who spoke against him; to which the spirited reply was that, as all her friends knew her respect for his eminence, none of them would be guilty of the ill-breeding of speaking against him in her house. So we see that Napoleon I. had high precedent in his favour when he took alarm at Madame de Staél's sallies; and that the *espionnage* which has ruined social freedom, under the guise of saving society, under Napoleon III., is traditional.

Madame Mohl thinks that the maxims of La Rochefoucault were elaborated from the conversations at Madame de Sable's. They were certainly based on the selfish and intriguing men and women of the Fronde. M. Cousin has satisfied himself that the *Pensées de Pascal* were suggested by these conversations. Madame Mohl also claims for these ladies the credit of having been the first to recognise the claims of men of letters to be received on a footing of equality with the great. 'It was this sympathy of women that so early made literary men an important portion of society in France; but in what other country would women have had the power of conferring such importance? Among the anecdotes preserved of the Hôtel Rambouillet is one relating that the grand Condé, being angry at Voltaire, one of its greatest favourites, said, "If he was one of us, we should not put up with such behaviour." Is this a proof of social equality? We draw the opposite inference from the anecdote; and remembering Voltaire's treatment at the hands of one of the privileged class, who had him caned, we are reluctantly led to conclude that men of letters, or of purely personal distinction, not born in the purple, were not received on a footing of conventional equality till shortly before the Revolution of 1789.

A tolerably correct notion of the state of Parisian society when this crisis was in preparation, may be collected from *Julien, ou la Fin d'un Siècle*, by M. Bungener. 'Serious topics were too anxiously discussed to admit of light, discursive, or literary talk. Some salons, however endeavoured to preserve in some degree the traditions of their superannuated predecessors. Madame Geofrin was dead, Madame du Defant retained but a small number of faithful adherents. It was at the Princess de Beauvan's, the Duchess de Grammont's,

the Duchess d'Anville's, the Countess de Tessi's, the Countess de Ségr's, Madame de Beauharnais, Madame de Montesson's, that the French world assembled its wittiest and most cultivated representatives.' Madame de Luxembourg, widow of the Marshal, must be added to the list. It was a select circle of her friends that Rousseau gratified with the first reading of the *Confessions*; and by a strange coincidence he began the very day after the death of Voltaire.

Having brought down the series of Parisian salons to about the point where Mesdames de Bassanville and Ancelot take them up, we look round to see whether the institution, as we venture to call it, has been imitated or acclimatised out of France. Goethe at Weimar, and Tieck at Dresden, were the centres of very remarkable circles, which will fill a large space in the history of German society and thought. It would appear from Gentz's *Diaries* that female influence was rife at Vienna during the Congress. But the German salon that best satisfies the conditions which we assumed at starting, is that of the celebrated Rahel, the wife of Varnhagen von Ense, who has thus recorded his impression of her at their first meeting:—

She appeared, a light, graceful figure, small but well formed; her foot and hand surprisingly small; the brow, with its rich braids of dark hair, announced intellectual superiority; the quick and yet firm dark glances caused a doubt whether they betrayed or took in most; a suffering expression lent a winning softness to the well-defined features. She moved about in her dark dress almost like a shadow, but with a free and sure step. What, however, overcame me most was her ringing, sweet, and soul-reaching voice, and the most wonderful mode of speaking that I had ever met.

This was in 1803. She was not married till 1814, when she was about forty-four, and he thirty. She was of a Jewish family, named Levin, and her position was due entirely to her own strength of character, to her intellectual superiority, and (above all) to her power of entering into the feelings of others, to her being emphatically what the Neapolitans mean by *simpatica*. Several chapters in books, and some separate publications, have been devoted to her. Both before and after her marriage we find her surrounded by such men as Frederic Schlegel, Gentz, Prince Radzivill, Humboldt, Prince Püchler Muskau, Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia, and Gans. It was to her that Gentz addressed the curious letters

describing the growth and restorative effects of his passion for Fanny Elsler.\* Madame de Staél's impression after a first interview was characteristically expressed to Baron Brinkman : ' Elle est étonnante. Vous êtes bien heureux de posséder ici une telle amie. Vous me communiquerez ce qu'elle dira de moi.'

Rahel died in 1833. M. de Sternberg, referring to a later period, says : ' I have done with my Berlin salons. The real founder of the modern salons of Berlin is still living, but without a salon. It is Varnhagen von Ense, who, in conjunction with or rather as the literary and diplomatic support of Rahel, founded every kind of intellectual sociability, and whose example was followed by many others, both men and women. It may be said that German life caught from them the first notion of a salon in the sense in which it had long existed in France. North-German and especially Berlin life, was adverse to the firm establishment and further development of this kind of intercourse.' †

The most influential and popular salon of which Italy could boast at any period was that of the Countess of Albany at Florence. All travellers make honourable mention of it ; and she has been truly described as the connecting link of half a century of celebrities. In May 1809, she was ordered to repair to Paris without delay, and at her first interview with the Emperor was thus addressed by him — ' I know your influence over the society of Florence. I know also that you employ it in a sense adverse to my policy ; you are an obstacle to my projects of union between the Tuscans and the French. This is why I have summoned you to Paris, where you will have full leisure to satisfy your taste for the fine arts.' She was not allowed to return to Florence till November 1810. She died in January 1824, and left a void which is not likely to be filled up.

A very remarkable circle, commemorated by Byron, Hobhouse (Lord Broughton), and Veyle, who were temporarily amongst its most distinguished members, collected at Milan around the Abate de Breme shortly after the peace of 1816 ; but their principal place of meeting was the opera. Writing in 1823, Lord Byron says : — ' So many changes have taken place in the Milan circle that I hardly dare recur to it : some dead, some banished, and some in the Austrian dungeons.' Lord Broughton speaks in the same tone in his *Italy* : ' I passed

through Milan in 1822. All my friends of the Liberal party had disappeared.'

Writing from Venice, Byron says : ' The Contessa Albrizzi is the De Staél of Venice, not young, but a very learned, unaffected, good-natured woman, very polite to strangers, and I believe not all dissolute as most of the women are.' Lord Broughton states that, at his first visit to Venice, only two or three houses were open to respectable recommendations, and at his last visit, only one. Houses might be named in both Naples and Rome which have largely promoted the best sort of social intercourse, but the want of duration, regularity, and continuity disentitles them to rank with those which are popularly accepted as salons. The same remark applies, with few exceptions, to the society which has occasionally clustered or crystallized in Geneva and its vicinity. We must except Sismondi's, the historian, whose villa during many years formed the grand attraction of a locality with which so many recollections of genius are imperishably associated. We must also except Coppet, and hope, with Lord Broughton, that some one may be found ' not to celebrate but describe the amiable mistress of an open mansion, the centre of a society, ever varied, and always pleased, the creator of which, divested of the ambition and the arts of public rivalry, shone forth only to give fresh animation to those around her.' At Geneva, as indeed in every continental capital, the political state at present is enough to account for the absence or decline of the salon.

M. de Lamartine, who has devoted two eloquent and interesting Numbers of his *Cours de Littérature* to Madame de Récamier and Chateaubriand, concludes with this paragraph : — ' To return to our literary salons — they are throughout the sign of an exuberant civilization : they are also the sign of the happy influence of women on the human mind. From Pericles and Socrates at Aspasia's, from Michael Angelo and Raphael at Vittoria Colonna's, from Ariosto and Tasso at Eleonora d'Este's, from Petrarch at Laura de Sade's, from Bossuet and Racine at the Hôtel Rambouillet, from Voltaire at Madame du Deffant's or Madame du Chatelet's, from J. J. Rousseau at Madame d'Epinay's or Madame de Luxembourg's, from Vergniaud at Madame Roland's, from Chateaubriand at Madame Récamier's ; — everywhere it is from the fireside (*coin de feu*) of a lettered, political, or enthusiastic woman that an age is lighted up or an eloquence bursts forth. Always a woman — as the nurse of genius, at the

\* See *The Edinburgh Review* for Jan. 1863.

† *Erinnerung-blätter*, Dritter Theil, p. 24.

cradle of literature! When these *salons* are closed, I dread civil storms or literary decline. They are closed.'

'The clubs in England and the *salons* in France,' remarks Madame Mohl, 'have long been places where, like the porticos of Athens, public affairs have been discussed and public men criticised.' This is the key to the problem why clubs are flourishing in England, and *salons* are dying out in France. We can discuss public affairs freely, and our neighbours cannot. A literary man of the highest distinction, who has a weekly reception at his house, having been summoned to appear as a witness before the Tribunal of Police Correctionnelle, discovered from the tone and course of the examination that much of the conversation at his last soirée had been faithfully reported to the magistrate. A single occurrence of this kind creates an all-pervading feeling of distrust. Yet Madame de C.'s *salon*, the last of the *foyers éteints*, retained its reputation and attractiveness till her lamented death: Madame d'A. holds on gallantly: a well-known *rez-de-chaussée* in the Place St. Georges is the nightly scene of about the best conversation in Paris; and a small apartment *au troisième* in the Rue du Bac is still redolent of the social and intellectual charm which made Madame de Staél prefer the gutter of that street to the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone or the calm waters which reflect the rocks of Meilleraye.

The expansion of Paris, and increased facilities of locomotion, are also thought to have accelerated the decline of the *salon*, which thrived best when the higher class of Parisians lived most of the year in close proximity, and were seldom long or far absent from the capital. When Madame Merlin left Paris, it was only for a villa at St. Germain's, where she had dianers and receptions every Sunday and Wednesday.

The state of things is still more unfavourable to constant intimacy in London; no longer the London of Brummell, bounded on the south by Pall Mall, on the north by Oxford Street, on the east by Regent Street, on the west by Park Lane. English country life, and the national fondness for travelling, form another serious drawback. The *élite* of our society are not settled in the metropolis till the spring is far advanced, and are off again soon after midsummer. The late dinner-hour, and the importance we attach to this (in many

men's estimate) most important event of the day, with the club to fall back upon, lead us to undervalue the privileged access to the drawing-room, which is pretty sure to be empty till that part of the evening which the French *salon* occupied has passed away. Nor are we aware that any qualified Englishwoman has ever submitted to the sacrifice required for a fair trial of the experiment, by a self-denying ordinance like that to which, as we have seen, the Princess de Vadémont submitted for thirty years.

The nearest approximation was made by the Berrys, whose habits had been formed or modified abroad. 'With the lives of the sisters,' remarks their thoughtful and refined biographer, Lady Theresa Lewis, 'closed a society which will be ever remembered by all who frequented these pleasant little gatherings in Curzon Street. Sometimes a note, sometimes a word, and more often the lamp being lighted over the door, was taken as notice to attend, and on entering it might be to find only a few *habitués* or a larger and more brilliant assembly.' But a notice of some sort, if not a formal invitation, was necessary to insure against disappointment; and this is the touchstone or turning-point.

A glance at the 'Queens of Society' will suggest a proud array of distinguished Englishwomen who have done good service in blending, harmonising, and elevating society; in associating genius, learning, and accomplishment with rank, wealth, and fashion; in facilitating, refining, and enhancing the pleasures of intellectual intimacy. But not one of them has set about her appointed task in the manner of a Frenchwoman; not one of them, in fact, has successfully attempted the institution of the *salon*. A few, Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire and Lady Palmerston, for example, may have done more, may have done better, but they have not done this. Nor could even they, with all their rare combination of attractions and advantages, have attained the proposed object without first revolutionising the ingrained habits of the nation. Yet, although the *salon* has little chance in England, and is at a temporary discount on the Continent, we do not despair of its future. It is too congenial to its native soil to be exterminated or die out. It faded with the free institutions of France; it will revive with her reviving liberties.

From The Contemporary Review.

### RATIONALISM.

*History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe.* By W. E. H. LECKY. M. A. Two Volumes. Second Edition. London: Longmans. 1865.

MR. LECKY'S volumes have already attracted much of the attention they so well deserve. They are the work of an able and comprehensive intellect, gifted with a large and perhaps over fertile faculty of generalization, and a very clear, facile, copious, and eloquent power of expression. In reading them in part a second time, we confess that we are struck by a certain slackness both of thought and style; a want of compactness, and tendency to diffusiveness: but the liberal and luminous comprehension remains everywhere conspicuous; and the reader is carried along a very diversified yet connected field of inquiry with unfailing interest at every step, and with a singularly vivid buoyancy and freshness of movement.

The aim of the volumes is to trace the "History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe," — something very different, as the reader will at once see, on opening Mr. Lecky's volumes, from the History of Rationalism, in its ordinary acceptation, as a peculiar mode of thinking in theology. It is one of the defects of Mr. Lecky's book, that he has not sufficiently discriminated and defined its object. By the spirit of Rationalism, he says, he understands "not any class of definite doctrines and criticisms, but rather a certain cast of thought or bias of reasoning, which has, during the last three centuries, gained a marked ascendancy in Europe." The nature of this bias is "that it leads men, on all occasions, to subordinate dogmatic theology to the dictates of reason and of conscience; and, as a necessary consequence, greatly to restrict its influence upon life. It predisposes men in history to attribute all kinds of phenomena to natural rather than miraculous causes; in theology, to esteem succeeding systems the expressions of the wants and aspirations of that religious sentiment which is planted in all men; and in ethics, to regard as duties only those which conscience reveals to be such." This description indicates an indefinite movement of thought and feeling in the modern European mind, rather than any clear aim or progress of reason. And this indefiniteness hangs around Mr. Lecky's

whole conception of the subject, and his method of handling it. He repudiates in his Preface the influence of definite arguments and processes of reasoning in carrying on the movement of the rationalizing spirit. This movement is carried on by the general habits of mind which come to pass in successive ages from the apparently accidental growth of knowledge rather than by any clear and intelligible impulse of rational thought. This view is constantly repeated in his pages.

According to him,—

"The pressure of the general intellectual influences of the time determines the predispositions which ultimately regulate the details of belief: and though all men do not yield to that pressure with the same facility, all large bodies are at last controlled. A change of speculative opinions does not imply an increase of the data upon which those opinions rest, but a change of the habits of thought and mind which they reflect. Definite arguments are the symptoms and pretexts, but seldom the causes of the change. Their chief merit is to accelerate the inevitable crisis. They derive their force and efficacy from their conformity with the mental habits of those to whom they are addressed. Reasoning which in one age would make no impression whatever, in the next age is received with enthusiastic applause. And this state of belief, this tone and habit of thought, which is the supreme arbiter of the opinions of successive periods, is created not by the influences arising out of any one department of intellect, but by the combination of all the intellectual and even social tendencies of the age. Those who contribute most largely to its formation are, I believe, the philosophers. Men like Bacon, Descartes, and Locke, have probably done more than any others to set the current of their age. They have formed a certain cast and tone of mind. They have introduced peculiar habits of thought, new modes of reasoning, new tendencies of inquiry. The impulse they have given to the higher literature has been by that literature communicated to the more popular writers; and the impress of these master minds is clearly visible in the writings of multitudes who are totally unacquainted with their works. But philosophical methods, great and unquestionable as is their power, form but one of the many influences that contribute to the mental habits of society. Thus the discoveries of physical science, entrenching upon the domain of the anomalous and the incomprehensible, enlarging our conceptions of the range of law, and revealing the connection of phenomena that had formerly appeared altogether isolated, form habit of mind which is carried far beyond the limits of physics."

Everywhere the same strain occurs. And Mr. Lecky dwells at length upon a particu-

lar illustration of his view—the decay of the belief in witchcraft at the close of the seventeenth century, notwithstanding the advocacy of some of the most distinguished and even liberal minds of which the latter part of that century boasts. So late as 1664, two women were condemned in Suffolk, by Sir Matthew Hale, for witchcraft, on the ground—first, that Scripture had affirmed the reality of witchcraft; and secondly, that the wisdom of all nations had provided laws against persons accused of the crime. Sir Thomas Browne, the well-known author of the "Religio Medici," was called as a witness at the trial, and swore "that he was clearly of opinion that the persons were bewitched." Not only so, but Henry More and Cudworth, both of them belonging to the enlightened band of Cambridge Platonists, strongly expressed their belief in the reality of witchcraft; and more than all, Joseph Glanvil, the author of the "Scepsis Scientifica," and the most daring theological thinker perhaps of his time, wrote a special defence of the decaying superstition, under the name of "Saducismus Triumphatus," probably the ablest book ever published in its defence. So far as mere arguments were concerned, the divines seemed to have it all their own way. "The books in defence of the belief were not only far more numerous than the later works against it, but they also represented far more learning, dialectic skill, and even general ability." The mass of evidence seemed in favour of it. "Those who lived when the evidences of witchcraft existed in profusion, and attracted the attention of all classes and of all grades of intellect, must surely have been as competent judges as ourselves of the question, were it merely a question of evidence. . . . It is, I think, difficult to examine the subject with impartiality without coming to the conclusion, that the historical evidence establishing the existence of witchcraft is so vast and varied that it is impossible to disbelieve it without what, on other subjects, we should deem the most extraordinary rashness." Yet the belief of it sunk towards the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century, rapidly, irretrievably. No accumulation of evidence, no cleverness or strength of argument, were of any avail. At this particular period of English history there was manifested an irresistible disposition to regard witch stories as absurd. With the foundation of the Royal Society in 1660 a passion for natural philosophy, very similar to that which preceded the French Revolution, became general; and

the whole force of the English intellect was directed to the discovery of natural laws. In this manner there was generated a prevailing disinclination to accept supernatural stories in explanation of events however extraordinary. "The disbelief in witchcraft is to be attributed to what is called the spirit of the age. . . . It is the result, not of any series of definite arguments, or of new discoveries, but of a gradual, insensible, yet profound modification of the habits of thought prevailing in Europe."

This instance more clearly than any other brings out the characteristics of Mr. Lecky's thought and manner of treatment, in behalf of which much may be said; but his language, at the same time, evidently covers some confusion of ideas. No doubt changes of belief are wrought largely according to the way described. The changes, that is to say, are the issue apparently not of special processes of reasoning, but of some comprehensive alteration in the intellectual point of view of one age in comparison with a preceding age. A mode of thought so prevailing as scarcely to admit of question disappears, and a new mode of thought takes its place, while the mere logical defences of the former may remain unassailed, or, if assailed, unsubdued. The tide of advancing thought can be seen moving onwards till it covers the loftiest eminences of the old opinion, which yet refuses to surrender in its argumentative strongholds. But nevertheless, the movement is in no sense accidental or unaccountable. It is in no sense the mere upspringing of new ideas as spontaneous or unreasoned growths, a conclusion to which Mr. Lecky's language might point, and which a careless reader would certainly draw from it. The old and vanishing beliefs, however valiantly they may fight to the last, and in seeming logic have the best of it, are yet really weakened and beaten in the field of fair reason before they retire. The rationalistic movement, although it gathers its final strength from many impulses which may have little to do with the immediate object of faith—witchcraft, or any other—which it is sweeping away, is yet truly a movement of reason, and not a blind issue of sentiment or feeling. The "spirit of the age" is a mere expression, and has no power, save in so far as it represents some real growth of enlightenment, some expansion of man's powers of comprehension of the world around him, or of the world of thought within him.

In the case of witchcraft, for example, men ceased to believe in it not merely be-

cause they came to laugh at it "as palpably absurd, as involving the most grotesque and ludicrous conceptions," as in itself essentially incredible,—not merely because of "a gradual and insensible modification of the habits of thought prevailing in Europe," but mainly because their reason, quickened, disciplined, and enlarged by diverse sources of new information and culture, attained to clearer perceptions of the nature of evidence, and of the relation of evidence to the alleged fact to be proved. The general disbelief of witchcraft was no doubt greatly accelerated by the ludicrous associations which came to be attached to it, and by a general change in the habits of thought; but these causes of disbelief were themselves the effect of a deeper cause. Men only began to laugh at witchcraft when they had already perceived its unreasonableness—the many presumptions of evidence against it. Their changed habits of thought were the result of increased knowledge, of increased width of comprehension. The primary source, therefore, of the decay of this and of all superstition and error, is not any mere fluctuating power called "the spirit of the age," not any indefinite movement of public opinion, but a clear and steady advance of reason—an advance effected by innumerable influences, and, it may be, at times losing itself in sceptical or negative extravagances, but which is not to be confounded with any of these mere accessories of its development. In the present case the advance of reason—or of knowledge, its complement—was of a twofold kind. Men came to understand nature better, and what was possible or impossible within the order of its operations. Men further learned to have higher and wiser notions of the agencies of good and evil in the world. To make use of the illustration employed by Mr. Lecky,—the allegation of an old woman riding through the air on a broomstick became utterly incredible, because, first of all, the alleged fact, when examined, was found to rest on no evidence which could for a moment be put in comparison with the evidence of the stability of nature's operations; and secondly, because the idea of the supernatural, out of which the witch-imagination had grown, had begun to disappear. Supposing that there were a devil with power to transport old women in such a manner, the doing so scarcely seemed a worthy or adequate employment even for the devil. As the horizon of human reason became expanded and illuminated, the clouds of superstition dispersed, and men learned to look with incredulous wonder

and amazement at the vanishing shapes of horror which had fascinated them.

The same confusion or want of discrimination leads Mr. Lecky constantly to contrast theology and rationalism, as if they were forces working in opposite directions; he does not, indeed, err in this respect as Mr. Buckle did, whose hard positivist turn of mind prevented him from rising to any intelligent conception of theology at all. Mr. Lecky's mind is of a far more sympathetic and spiritual order. Still, he by no means sufficiently apprehends the great part which theology itself has had in the formation of the rationalistic movement. The highest impulses of the movement have, in fact, come from within the theological sphere, and can be plainly traced in a succession of great writers, beginning with Hooker, Hales, and Chillingworth in England, down to the present time. These writers were no doubt influenced by the general spirit of their age, in so far as it was, in science or philosophy, an age of awakening enlightenment; but they were also themselves in an eminent degree the enlighteners of their time, and of all succeeding time. They gave far more than they received. In the exercise of their own high reason on Divine things, they rose far above their age, and communicated to the stream of religious thought a direct impulse of a more truly rational character than some of the vaguer influences of which Mr. Lecky makes so much. This is particularly true of Hooker, who stands singularly alone in his lofty rationality.

A history of rationalism, properly so called, would concern itself mainly with the labours of the succession of theological thinkers who have recognised the rights of reason, and sought to bring these rights into harmony with the revelations of spiritual truth in Scripture and in conscience. The work of these men within the domain of theology would at any rate share the attention of the historian with the mixed intellectual and scientific influences bearing upon this domain from without, and indirectly modifying it. Theology would not be supposed to constitute a charmed circle, lying outside of the rationalistic movement while continually yielding to it. It would not, in short, be confounded with the mere dogmatic teaching of the Church in any age, nor would its true range and power be supposed to be narrowed because various items of this teaching have already vanished before the modern spirit of inquiry, and others are obviously destined to do so. Theology as a science is quite independent

of such supposed encroachments upon its territory, and is so far from losing its genuine interest and importance with the advance of the rationalistic spirit, that it may be said to possess in our own day a growing attraction for all higher intelligences, who have not divorced themselves from spiritual culture.

In truth, the term rationalism is in itself so entirely vague and indeterminate, that previous to definition it is impossible to say what it denotes relative to theology. It is one of the greatest misfortunes both of theological and philosophical discussion, that words frequently come to be used with such complex and even contradictory meanings, as to obscure altogether the real points at issue, and to keep controversialists fighting for years in the dark. Many instances might be given of this abusive employment of words, but there is none more noted, or more influential in the confusion which it is constantly breeding, than the word rationalism. It is used at least in two distinct and nearly opposite senses. In its current use, with a large class of theologians it denotes a certain exercise of the natural intellect, always opposed to Christianity. It means the deliberate rejection of Divine revelation as inconsistent with the dictates of the natural reason. It is the same, in short, as irreligion. It is the spirit of the world, the spirit of undevout science, of undevout philosophy, as opposed to Christ and the spirit of the Divine which in Him is seeking to bless the world. In this sense rationalism is aggressively hostile, not merely to certain truths of religion, but to the very foundation of religion in human nature, — the spiritual instincts and principles which separate man from other creatures, and make him, in contradistinction to them, a religious being.

Perhaps it may be questioned whether there is any form of thought thus deliberately opposed to religion in our day, as there is certainly no special philosophy which makes it its business to proclaim such an opposition. But no one who knows anything of the subject can doubt that there are forms of thought, and even a prevailing school of thought, which, according to its fundamental principles, leaves no room for religion as a valid element of human existence. It may not directly oppose it, but it leaves it out of sight; nay, it asserts as its basis, principles inconsistent with any idea of special Divine revelation. The great school of thought known as Positivism restricts the sources of our knowledge to the senses, and if not explicitly, yet implicitly,

denies the reality of a Divine constitution in man separating him from other animals, and making him, in a true and not merely an accidental or superstitious sense, a subject of religion. It is not necessary for us to say whether the name of Rationalism is or is not rightly applied to such a school of thought as this. There is no doubt that it is largely applied by theologians in a sense in which it is applicable to no other system, — in which, in short, it is identical with anti-Christian philosophy.

But the expression is also applied often, by the same theologians, to describe a mode of thought which has no connection with the preceding, but which, on the contrary, is its most active and enlightened opponent. It is applied to the exercise of reason within the sphere of religion, with a view to the enlargement and purification of religious ideas in consistency with the necessities of an advancing spiritual culture. In the former case, thought takes its stand outside the circle of spiritual truth altogether, and it never comes within the circle. It lays the foundations and tries to build the structure of Truth outside of the Church, and the special principles which lie at the root of the Church. In the present case, thought is born within the Church: it starts from spiritual principles: it is essentially Christian in its fundamental ideas; but it does not hold to these ideas merely as they have been elaborated and dogmatically expressed by the Christian intelligence of former ages. On the contrary, it recognises a living movement in Christian knowledge, no less than in every other department of knowledge. There is, "through the ages," a growth of religious intelligence and comprehension, just as there is a growth of philosophical intelligence and comprehension; and the labours of past generations of Christian thinkers, while claiming all honor and respect, are no more infallible than the labours of past generations of philosophers. According to this view, the increase of general knowledge, and of humane and enlightened principles in society, inevitably carries with it an increase of spiritual illumination. Higher, juster apprehensions are developed, not only of the relations of man to man — a fact admitted on all hands, — but moreover of the relations of man to God, and of the Divine intentions for man's good. If man, in the course of the Christian centuries, has come to understand better his own position and rights in relation to the position and rights of others, and to find in the Christian revelation the warrant of this higher knowledge, which

for long he failed to see, or at least to realize, there seems every ground for concluding that he will also come to understand better from the same source his relations to God, and God's thoughts towards him. Why should not the Christian reason grow and become more full of light, as well as the scientific intellect? It is no satisfactory answer to say, as has been so often said, that the sum of Christian knowledge is contained once for all within the books of the New Testament, from which nothing is to be taken, and nothing added. The question is not one as to the original completeness of the Christian revelation, but one solely as to the interpretation of this revelation. Allowing all that can be said as to the perfection of Holy Scripture, even on the untenable supposition of verbal inspiration, this settles nothing as to the validity of past interpretations of Scripture. Least of all does it settle anything as to the validity of the dogmatic opinions which have grown up within the Church at successive periods, and which have frequently owed their rise far more to the changing currents of human feeling and thinking than to any direct result of scriptural study. These opinions must stand or fall on their own merits. They cannot, on any ground of reason, be considered beyond re-examination, and hence of possible expansion or correction. The mere fact that they are stamped with the authority of the Church, or in other words of the highest Christian intelligence of the past, is enough to secure for them respect, but by no means enough to place them beyond criticism. The Christian intelligence of to-day possesses every right that the Christian intelligence of the fourth century, or the twelfth century, or the sixteenth century, possessed. And not only has it the same rights, but there can be no doubt that, upon the whole, it possesses a higher capacity of exercising these rights. In many respects it has both more insight into spiritual truth, and more freedom from spiritual prejudice. And it claims, therefore, not only in one church, but in all living churches, to reabsorb, as it were, the great spiritual ideas of the past, and review them in the light of Scripture; to take them up from the dogmatic moulds in which they are apt to lie dead in an uninquiring age, and to bring them face to face once more with the living Word and with all true knowledge. This process of constant inquest regarding religious ideas, and consequent purification of them from the admixtures of error and false philosophy, which mark human progress in all

its relations, is, according to this school, the necessary condition of all real thought about religion. Theology ceases to be a living science when it ceases to move, when it imposes itself as a mere mass of dogma upon the conscience, instead of soliciting the continual criticism and purification of the spiritual reason. Nor is such a process of movement necessarily of an unsettling character in theology any more than in other sciences. Whatever true principles theology has reached in the past remain true principles. Truth has nothing to fear anywhere from the most rigorous inquiry. But whatever is not of the truth, whatever has been imported into theology from the darkness of human error or the misconception of human reason, or, in other words, from the misreading of Divine revelation, this is no doubt liable to be unsettled and exploded. Unsettlement of this kind is the very purpose of the movement, but only that in the end the truths of Divine revelation, the great thoughts of God towards us in Christ, may be seen more clearly and understood more comprehensively.

It must be plain that the application of the term rationalism to two such distinct modes of thought as we have now described is absurd. And yet this absurdity is constantly practised. Accusations of rationalism are frequently heard, which couple together such theologians as Strauss and Neander, such writers as Mr. J. Stuart Mill and Dean Stanley. The spirit of living Christian inquiry represented by the great Berlin theologian, in some respects the highest expression of the Christian reason in this century, is indiscriminately confounded with the anti-Christian dogmatism which it was the main labor of his life to controvert. And who is not familiar with the association of the names of the Dean of Westminster and of the member for Westminster, merely because the former ventured to vote for the latter, and has spoken favorably of certain portions of his writings, although it would be difficult to conceive two writers more contrasted. And the same confusion occurs in many other cases. Writers whose whole culture springs out of Christian principles, across the clear light of which a shadow is never thrown, are classed together with writers whose principles lie quite outside the range of Christian ideas, and present, if not an open hostility to these ideas, yet certainly no rational consistency with them. What may be the real relation of some of this latter class of writers to Christianity it is not our present business to inquire. But in any case it can admit

of no question that the judgment which classes together under a single name tendencies of opinion so opposite is utterly superficial and misleading. It is not a critical judgment at all, but a mere blind and stupid prejudice. It must be further evident that a "History of Rationalism" is bound to discriminate carefully between such tendencies in their relation to Christian theology. For, should it be granted that there is an active movement of thought in the modern European mind opposed to Christian truth, it must also be allowed that there has always been a living movement of thought within the Church, which has based itself professedly on the recognition of the rights of reason, as not only not inconsistent with the claims of Christian truth, but as absolutely essential to the true statement and defence of those claims. Theology itself, in its historical development, is nothing else than the work of the latter movement; it is the fruit of the exercise of the Christian reason upon the data of spiritual truth revealed in Scripture, and in the spiritual consciousness. In short, the history of theology is the history of rationalism in this latter sense. Any other conception of theology, save as the product of the continued and ever-expanding action of the Christian reason, degrades it into a mere tradition or a mere superstition, the dicta of an unreasoning sacerdotal authority, or the dicta of an equally unreasoning popular Biblicalism. In neither of those aspects has it any pretension to rank as a science or a true department of knowledge, still exercising a living influence over human culture and progress.\*

\* It may perhaps be asked, in the view of this classification of rationalism, what term we would apply to such writers as Paulus of the older school, and Gesenius, De Wette, and Ferdinand C. Baur, of the more recent school of German divines; and further, to such writers as Bishop Colenso, and the "Essayists and Reviewers"? Are they not Rationalists? Are they not opposed to Christianity? Rationalists certainly they may fairly be regarded; but whether opposed to Christianity or not must be determined in each case by the spirit animating the writer. In so far as the bias of anti-supernaturalism is discovered by any theological writer, we feel bound to regard him as opposed to Christianity, which professedly bases itself on the supernatural. But within the reverent recognition of the supernatural witnessed in Scripture, no "free handling" of Scripture, however opposed to our own preconception, is necessarily anti-Christian. To say that such an event in Scripture cannot be true because it is supernatural, is wholly different from saying that such an event need not be conceived as supernatural, when all the circumstances of the case, and the character of early literature, are considered. The former opinion attacks the idea of the supernatural and the very substance of Scripture; the latter merely attacks traditional notions of Scripture. The former is anti-Christian, the latter may be essentially Christian. The difference between

We are glad that Mr. Lecky, although he has nowhere cleared up the relation between rationalism and theology, but in some respects embroiled the subject with confusions of his own, yet clearly acknowledges the substantive perpetuity of Christian truth under all the modifications of opinion which it has undergone, and many of which he so well describes. He recognises, in short, while constantly speaking of the conflict between the rationalistic spirit and theology, that the conflict is not necessary or essential. Christianity survives, Christian theology, in the highest sense, survives, all encroachments of the scientific spirit. What this spirit has destroyed, or may seem further destroying, is not Christianity in any of its vital elements, but only external additions to it, mixtures of past prejudice or erroneous philosophy. He admits, although not so far as we would claim the admission, that Christianity continues a living power in the face of all scientific progress. In this way he separates himself entirely from Mr. Buckle and the Positive school, while he speaks of Mr. Buckle, as a writer, with great admiration. He recognises the enduring life of Christianity in the strongest manner, and in the very decay of old forms of belief sees the seed of a higher spiritual culture which can never perish out of human history. He says,—

"No one can doubt that if the modes of thought now prevailing on these subjects, even in Roman Catholic countries, could have been presented to the mind of a Christian of the twelfth century, he would have said that so complete an alteration would involve the absolute destruction of Christianity. As a matter of fact, most of these modifications were forced upon the reluctant Church by the pressure from without, and were specially resisted and denounced by the bulk of the clergy. They were represented as subversive of Christianity. The doctrine that religion could be destined to pass through successive phases of development was pronounced to be emphatically unchristian. The ideal Church was always in the past, and immutability, if not retrogression, was deemed the condition of life. We can now judge this resistance by the clear light of experience. Dogmatic systems have, it is true, been materially weakened; they no longer exercise a controlling influence over the current of affairs. . . Ecclesiastical power throughout Europe has been everywhere weakened, and weakened in each nation in proportion to its intellectual progress. If we were to judge the present position of Christianity by the tests of ecclesiastical

the two is all the difference between reason expelling faith in mere pride of negation, and reason accepting and illumining faith.

history, if we were to measure it by the orthodox zeal of the great doctors of the past, we might well look upon its prospects with the deepest despondency and alarm. The spirit of the Fathers has uncontestedly faded. The days of Athanasius and Augustine have passed away never to return. The whole course of thought is flowing in another direction. The controversies of bygone centuries ring with a strange hollowness on the ear. But if, turning from ecclesiastical historians, we apply the exclusively moral tests which the New Testament so invariably and so emphatically enforces—if we ask whether Christianity has ceased to produce the living fruits of love and charity and zeal for truth, the conclusion we should arrive at would be very different. If it be true Christianity to dive, with a passionate charity, into the darkest recesses of misery and of vice, to irrigate every quarter of the earth with the fertilizing stream of an almost boundless benevolence, and to include all the sections of humanity in the circle of an intense and efficacious sympathy—if it be true Christianity to destroy or weaken the barriers which had separated class from class and nation from nation, to free man from its harshest elements, and to make a consciousness of essential equality and of a genuine fraternity dominate over all accidental differences—if it be, above all, true Christianity to cultivate a love of truth for its own sake, a spirit of candour and of tolerance towards those with whom we differ,—if these be the marks of a true and healthy Christianity, then never, since the days of the apostles, has it been so vigorous as at present, and the decline of dogmatic systems and of clerical influence has been a measure if not a cause of its advance.”—(Vol. i., pp. 203–5.)

Again he says,—

“There is but one example of a religion which is not naturally weakened by civilization, and that example is Christianity. In all other cases the decay of dogmatical conceptions is tantamount to a complete annihilation of the religion; for although there may be imperishable elements of moral truth mingled with those conceptions, they have nothing distinctive or peculiar. The moral truths coalesce with new systems; the men who uttered them take their place, with many others, in the great pantheon of History, and the religion, having discharged its functions, is spent and withered. But the great characteristic of Christianity, and the great moral proof of its Divinity, is that it has been the main source of the moral development of Europe, and that it has discharged this office not so much by the inculcation of a system of ethics, however pure, as by the assimilating and attractive influence of a perfect ideal. The moral progress of mankind can never cease to be distinctively and intensely Christian as long as it consists of a gradual approximation to the character of the Christian Founder. There is, indeed, nothing more wonderful in the history of the human race than the way in which that

ideal has traversed the lapse of ages, acquiring a new strength and beauty with each advance of civilization, and infusing its beneficent influence into every sphere of thought and action. At first men sought to grasp, by minute dogmatic definitions, the Divinity they felt. The controversies of the Homoeans, or Monophysites, or Nestorians, or Patripassians, and many others whose very names now sound strange and remote, then filled the Church. Then came the period of visible representations. The handkerchief of Veronica, the portrait of Edessa, the crucifix of Nicodemus, the paintings of St. Luke, the image traced by an angel's hand which is still venerated at the Lateran, the countless visions narrated by the saints, show the eagerness with which men sought to realize, as a palpable and living image, their ideal. This age was followed by that of historical evidences—the age of Sebaste and his followers. Yet more and more, with advancing years, the moral ideal stood out from all dogmatical conceptions; its Divinity was recognised by its perfection, and it is no exaggeration to say that at no former period was it so powerful or so universally acknowledged as at present. This is a phenomenon altogether unique in history, and to those who recognise in the highest type of excellence the highest revelation of the Deity, its importance is too manifest to be overlooked.”—(Vol. i., pp. 336–8.)

Mr. Lecky arranges his work in six chapters. The first two of these chapters deal with the “Declining Sense of the Miraculous,” first in the special forms of “Magic and Witchcraft,” or generally of diabolic influence; and secondly, in reference to the “Miracles of the Church.” We have already so far indicated his treatment of the subject of Witchcraft, which is in many respects the most striking and interesting part of his work, while it shows at the same time most clearly the characteristics of his mode of thought. It is a melancholy chapter of human history, and it certainly loses none of the darkness of its colouring in Mr. Lecky's pages. He appears to us particularly successful in explaining the intensity of the superstition in the twelfth century, and again in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, following the Reformation. The very movement of intellectual doubt, characteristic of these epochs, only served to deepen the horror of Satanic agency. For as yet the spirit of doubt did not venture to attack the reality of this agency, even in the most gross and fantastic results which had been attributed to it. Luther, as is well known, was a slave to the wildest delusions on this subject. In every critical event, in every mental perturbation, he recognised Satanic agency. “In the monastery at Wittemberg he continually heard

the devil making a noise in the cloisters. The black stain in the Castle of Wartburg still marks the place where he flung an ink-bottle at the devil. . . . The devil could transport men at his will through the air. He could beget children; and Luther had himself come in contact with one of them. An intense love of children was one of the most amiable characteristics of the great reformer; but on this occasion he most earnestly recommended the reputed relatives to throw the child into the river, in order to free their house from the presence of a devil. As a natural consequence of these modes of thought, witchcraft did not present the slightest improbability to his mind." And Luther's case was not in this respect an exaggerated type of the Christian mind in the sixteenth century. Even in the latter half of the seventeenth century, as we have seen, such men as Sir Matthew Hale, Sir Thomas Browne, and Joseph Glanvil, profoundly believed in witchcraft, or, in other words, in the power of Satan incarnated in old women to hurt and destroy their neighbours.

But, as Mr. Lecky explains, while this undoubting belief in the presence of diabolic power as a destructive agent in the world continued, the counterpart belief, so prevalent during the Middle Ages, of the influence of sacred charms — such as the sign of the cross, or a few drops of holy water, or the name of Mary — to dispel the evil presence, had begun to decline with the first movement of awakening thought in the twelfth century, and in the progress of the Reformation altogether disappeared. The necessary consequence of this was an increased religious terrorism. The old protections against witchcraft were undermined or destroyed, and yet there remained an unhesitating belief in its reality. And so it was that the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, so glorious in many respects, are yet so disgracefully darkened by the prevalence of this ignoble and debasing superstition. Puritanism, amidst all its moral dignity, was in this matter specially blamable. It encouraged and stimulated the darkest views of human life. It attributed, without any hesitation, opposition to its peculiar tenets to the direct inspiration of Satan. Its enemies were sorcerers and children of the devil. In Scotland, as Mr. Lecky shows, the spread of Puritanism gave a fearful impulse to religious terrorism. Previously to the Reformation there, witchcraft in its darkest form was so rare that no law existed on the subject. A law was made for the first time in 1563, but it was

not till 1590 and subsequently, under the influence of what is sometimes called the second Reformation, that it attained to its full severity.

"The clergy all over Scotland applauded and stimulated the persecution. The ascendancy they had obtained was boundless; and in this respect their power was entirely undisputed. One word from them might have arrested the tortures, but that word was never spoken. Their conduct implies not merely a mental aberration, but also a callousness of feeling which has rarely been attained in a long career of vice. Yet these were men who had often shown, in the most trying circumstances, the highest and the most heroic virtues. They were men whose courage had never flinched when persecution was raging around — men who had never paltered with their consciences to attain the favours of a king — men whose self-devotion and zeal in their sacred calling had seldom been surpassed — men who, in all the private relations of life, were doubtless amiable and affectionate. It is not on them that our blame should fall: it is on the system that made them what they were. They were but illustrations of the great truth, that when men have come to regard a certain class of their fellow-creatures as doomed by the Almighty to eternal and excruciating agonies, and when their theology directs their minds with intense and realising earnestness to the contemplation of such agonies, the result will be an indifference to the suffering of those whom they deem the enemies of their God, as absolute as it is perhaps possible for human nature to attain."

We have already adverted to the decay of this horrible superstition, and the processes of reason which were influential in this decay. Of all the beneficial results of a scientific knowledge of nature, and of a purified idea of the supernatural, there is none more signal or more beneficent than the utter destruction which has overtaken the particular idea of Satanic agency on which witchcraft rested. When we think of the countless sufferings it entailed on those least able to defend themselves, and of the active support which it derived from a religion which, in its true character, is a gospel to every afflicted soul, one is appalled at the picture suggested to the mind, the picture at once of human misery and of human perversity. No class of victims probably endured such unalloyed sufferings. Neither the raptures of martyrdom nor the endurance of exulting heroism was theirs,—

"They died alone, hated and unpitied. They were deemed by all mankind the worst of criminals. Their very kinsmen shrank from

them as tainted and accursed. The superstitions they had imbibed in childhood, blending with the illusions of age, and with the horrors of their position, persuaded them, in many cases, that they were indeed the bond-slaves of Satan, and were about to exchange their torments upon earth for an agony that was as excruciating, and was eternal. And besides all this, we have to consider the terrors which the belief must have spread through the people at large; we have to picture the anguish of the mother, as she imagined that it was in the power of one whom she had offended to blast in a moment every object of her affection; we have to conceive, above all, the awful shadow that the dread of accusation must have thrown on the enfeebled faculties of age, and the bitterness it must have added to desertion and to solitude."

It is pitiful to reflect that ministers of the Christian religion should have been among the prime agents in promoting such a miserable delusion; that they should have clung to it with blind tenacity when the lay intellect had begun to rise above it; that the fear of the devil should for ages have so wholly paralyzed and darkened in their hearts the love and the light of God, and that at last they should have been driven from it as much by the laughter of folly as by the progress of reason. While we think gratefully of all that we owe to such men, it is good for us also to remember that there are subjects on which they—or at least the mass of them—have never been leaders, but rather blind followers of the blind. Human progress and freedom owe much to them, but there is also, as in this case a heavy reckoning on the other side, and the march of real enlightenment and even of Christian truth has been sometimes made not by means of them, but in spite of them.

In his second chapter Mr. Lecky treats of the "Decline of the Miraculous" as a general belief in the Church. He shows clearly that there is no definite age of miracles in the history of the Church. With Middleton, he rejects the old Protestant theory, that "miracles became gradually fewer, till they at last entirely disappeared;" and accepts without reserve the statement of this intrepid writer in his "Free Inquiry," that as far as the Church historians can illustrate or throw light upon anything, "there is not a single point in all history so constantly, explicitly, and unanimously affirmed by them all as the continual succession of these (miraculous) powers through all ages, from the earliest Father who first mentions them down to the time of the Reformation." So far from being "rare and exceptional phenomena," miracles were

supposed to be of familiar and daily occurrence in the lives of the early and medieval saints. "They were a kind of celestial charity, alleviating sorrows, healing the diseases, and supplying the wants of the faithful." They were the signs of saintly distinctions, everywhere, and there were no bounds to the credulity with which they were received. "There was scarcely a town that could not show some relic that had cured the sick, or some image that had opened and shut its eyes or bowed its head to an earnest worshipper." The Church, in short, lived for fifteen centuries more or less in a supernatural atmosphere, which has at length almost entirely disappeared, not only in Protestant but in Roman Catholic countries. The few alleged miracles which are still sometimes heard of, such as the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, or the performances of the Holy Coat at Treves, are subjects of derision rather than of exultation, even among Roman Catholics. "Educated persons speak of them with undisguised scorn and incredulity; some attempt to evade or explain them away by a natural hypothesis; a very few faintly and apologetically defend them." All this has been the result of an insensible modification of human belief regarding the supernatural. Men have ceased to think of it as they once did.

Here, as in the former chapter, Mr. Lecky speaks more of the general spirit of civilisation, and the changed habits of thought which have come with the growth of this spirit, than of the special processes of thought which have contributed to it and made it what it is. And with something of the same vagueness he avoids the all-important question of the true import of the supernatural in relation to Christian history. There is nothing in his remarks, indeed, nor in his mode of thinking, which compels the influence that the supernatural, as a living fact lying at the root of Christianity, must in his estimation be abandoned along with the thousand puerile excrescences of miraculous legend which have grown out of the fact. As a mere historian of opinion he was not bound perhaps to do more than sketch accurately the changes of belief which he passes under review. We should have liked, at the same time, that he had expressed himself more clearly on this subject, and that while exposing the excesses of supernaturalism he had cleared the true idea of the supernatural from all connexion with these excesses. There is no section of the Christian Church which any longer welcomes the assertion of miraculous powers as an attri-

bute of even the most exalted piety. Enlightened Christian thought no longer holds to the once universal notion that miracles are to be regarded as mere arbitrary interferences with the operations of nature, marking their Divine origin by their exceptional character. All higher intelligence now recognises the universal "reign of law," but the same intelligence, whenever it is reverent and open, and, in a word, Christian, also recognises that the reign of natural law can never be held as validly excluding the personal agency of the great Being who established it, and who, for some fitting and unexampled purpose, may see fit to supersede it by the manifestation of a higher law.

We cannot follow Mr. Lecky through the details of his next chapter, which are very interesting but very multifarious. He traces in rapid succession the "Æsthetic, Scientific, and Moral Developments of Rationalism," collecting, especially under the first point of view, many interesting particulars of the modification of art under the changing conceptions of the supernatural. He describes the simplicity and the cheerfulness of early Christian art, notwithstanding that it was an exclusively sepulchral art :—"The places that were decorated were the catacombs ; the chapels were all surrounded by the dead ; the altar upon which the sacred mysteries were celebrated was the tomb of a martyr. . . . It would seem but natural that the great and terrible scenes of Christian vengeance should be depicted. Yet nothing of this kind appears in the catacombs : with two doubtful exceptions there are no representations of martyrdoms. Daniel unharmed amid the lions, the unaccomplished sacrifice of Isaac, the three children unscathed amid the flames, and St. Peter led to prison, are the only images that reveal the horrible persecution that was raging. There was no disposition to perpetuate forms of suffering, no ebullition of bitterness or complaint, no thirsting for vengeance. Neither the Crucifixion, nor any of the scenes of the Passion, were ever represented ; nor was the Day of Judgment, nor were the sufferings of the lost. The wreaths of flowers, in which Paganism delighted, and even some of the more joyous images of the Pagan mythology, were still retained, and were mingled with all the most beautiful emblems of Christian hopes, and with representations of many of the miracles of mercy."

It was not till the close of the tenth century that Christian art began to lose its originally peaceful character, and became familiar with images of suffering and tor-

ture. Then, with the first access of religious terrorism, art is found faithfully reflecting the gloomy impulses of the time. The Good Shepherd which adorns almost every chapel in the catacombs is no more seen ; the miracles of mercy cease to be represented, and are replaced by the details of the Passion and the terrors of the Last Judgment. "The countenance of Christ became sterner, older, and more mournful. About the twelfth century this change becomes almost universal. From this period, writes one of the most learned of modern archeologists,\* Christ appears more and more melancholy, and often truly terrible. It is indeed the *Rex tremenda majestatis* of our *dies ira*." Similarly, he shows how, with the revival of Greek literature and the knowledge of ancient art, religion ceased to be the mistress and became the servant of art. At first the religious conception was everything ; æsthetic elements were scarcely considered. Then, in the first bloom of Italian art, the glorious creations of the Florentine school, we see the two united. Finally, the religious sentiment disappears, and the conception of beauty alone remains. Mr. Lecky considers Michael Angelo to mark this last stage of development. "Scarcely any other painter so completely eliminated the religious sentiment from art ; and it was reserved for him to destroy the most fearful of all the conceptions by which the early painters had thrilled the people. By making the Last Judgment a study of naked figures, and by introducing into it Charon and his boat, he most effectually destroyed all sense of its reality, and reduced it to the province of artistic criticism. This fresco may be regarded as the culmination of the movement. There were, of course, at a later period some great pictures, and even some religious painters ; but painting never again assumed its old position as the normal and habitual expression of the religious sentiments of the educated."

The main contributions of the progress of science to rationalism are reckoned by Mr. Lecky to be the destruction of the old theological conceptions of creation, and of the penal character of death. The science of geology he considers to have disproved both of these conceptions. It has "thrown back to an incalculable distance the horizon of creation," and "renovated and transformed all the early interpretations of the Mosaic cosmogony." Particularly "it has proved that countless ages before man trod the earth, death raged and revelled among its occ-

\* Didron, "Iconographie Chrétienne."

cupants; that it so entered into the original constitution of things that the agony and the infirmity it implies were known, as at present, when the mastodon and the dinotherium were the rulers of the world. To deny this is now impossible; to admit it is to abandon one of the root-doctrines of the past."

In speaking in this chapter, again, of the substitution of the idea of law for supernatural intervention, he has some notable remarks, showing how much he is separated from the materialism of the Positive school. Supposing, he says, it were proved, according to the rapidly growing morphological conception of the universe, that it was an organism rather than a mechanism,—the result of gradual and slow evolution from within rather than of special interference from without, this would not really affect the theistic conclusion which has been drawn from the complexities and adaptations which it displays. It would merely change the form of its statement:—

"That matter is governed by mind—that the contrivances and elaborations of the universe are the products of intelligence,—are propositions which are quite unshaken, whether we regard these contrivances as the results of a single momentary exercise of will, or of slow, consistent, and regulated evolutions. The proofs of pervading and developing intelligence, and the proofs of a coördinating and sustaining intelligence, are both untouched, nor can any conceivable progress of science in this direction destroy them. If the famous suggestion that all animal and vegetable life results from a single vital germ, and that all the different animals and plants now existent were developed by a natural process of evolution from that germ, were a demonstrated truth, we should still be able to point to the evidence of intelligence displayed in the measured and progressive development, in those exquisite forms, so different from what blind chance could produce, and in the manifest adaptation of surrounding circumstances to the living creature, and of the living creature to surrounding circumstances. The argument from design would indeed be changed; it would require to be stated in a new form, but it would be fully as cogent as before. Indeed, it is perhaps not too much to say, that the more fully this conception of universal evolution is grasped, the more fully a scientific doctrine of Providence will be established, and the stronger will be the presumption of a future progress."

The chief moral development of rationalism which our author brings into view is the transformation which he believes to have come over the once universal conception of hell as a place of material fire and endless

torture. He draws a vivid picture of the influence of this conception in early and mediæval Christianity, and then shows how entirely it has passed away from any but the coarsest representations even of orthodox theology. The hideous pictures in which the theological mind once curiously delighted, which kindled the gloomy genius of Tertullian with a wild flow of eloquence, and gave a darker hue to the awful statements of Augustine and Aquinas, which were once so carefully elaborated, and so constantly enforced in the pulpit, have been replaced by a few vague sentences on the subject of "perdition," or by the general assertion of a future adjustment of the inequalities of life. And this gradual and silent transformation of the popular conceptions he traces to the progress of the moral sentiment, to "the habit of educating moral and intellectual truths from our own sense of right rather than from traditional teaching." It is impossible, he says, for men who have attained to higher spiritual ideas of right and wrong, of truth and falsehood, than those which prevailed in the Patriotic and mediæval Church, to rest in such coarse and hopeless representations of the future, and of the dealings of God with his creatures when they have passed beyond this life, as were formerly accepted without hesitation. The eternity of punishment is indeed still strenuously defended; but the dogmatism with which it used to be so confidently expounded has entirely disappeared.

Our limits will only further permit us to advert to Mr. Lecky's fourth chapter, on "Persecution." His concluding chapters, on the relations of the rationalistic spirit to politics and commerce or industry, although unfolding some fine and interesting views, stand very much apart from the rest of the work. The lengthened chapter on "Persecution," however, is closely connected with his preceding expositions, and, of itself, eminently important. It is divided into two parts—the first entitled the "Antecedents of Persecution;" the second, the "History of Persecution." In the first part he traces the dogmatic basis of persecution in the doctrine of exclusive salvation. When we think of the horrible character of the religious persecutions which have desolated the world, we are apt to attribute them to the character of the men who directed and encouraged them. It was customary for the *illuminists* of last century—Voltaire and his school—to explain them in this manner, by imputing them to the interested motives of the clergy, and their mere desire of upholding their

power. But this is a very inadequate explanation. The higher explanation is, undoubtedly, to be found in the nature of the principles professed by these men, and for many ages by the Church universally:—

"If men believe with an intense and untiring faith that their own view of a disputed question is true beyond all possibility of mistake—if they further believe that those who adopt other views will be doomed by the Almighty to an eternity of misery, which with the same moral desperation, but with a different belief, they would have escaped,—these men will, sooner or later, persecute to the extent of their power. If you speak to them of the physical and moral suffering which persecution produces, or of the sincerity and unselfish heroism of its victims, they will reply that such arguments rest altogether on the inadequacy of your realization of the doctrine they believe. What suffering that men can inflict can be comparable to the eternal misery of all who embrace the doctrine of the heretic? What claim can human virtues have to our forbearance, if the Almighty punishes the mere profession of error as a crime of the deepest turpitude?"

The doctrine of the sinfulness of error, therefore, or, in other words, the doctrine that salvation is only to be found within a community or church professing a definite faith in certain Divine mysteries, is, according to Mr. Lecky, the basis and warrant of persecution. He maintains that such a doctrine necessarily springs out of the notion of hereditary guilt once universally diffused. "To a civilized man, who considers the question abstractedly, no proposition can appear more self-evident than that a man can only be guilty of acts in the performance of which he has himself had some share. The misfortunes of one man may fall upon another, but guilt appears to be entirely personal. Yet, on the other hand, there is nothing more certain than that the conception both of hereditary guilt and of hereditary merit pervade the belief and the institutions of all nations, and have, under the most varied circumstances, clung to the mind with a tenacity which is even now but beginning to relax."

Of the fact there can be no doubt, that the Church of the fourth century, under the influence of Augustine, strongly embraced these notions. Men, and even children, "were doomed to eternal damnation, not only on account of their own transgressions, but also on account of the transmitted guilt of Adam. The only escape was entrance into the Church through the rite of baptism, through which this guilt

was washed away." The whole body of the Fathers are represented as pronouncing that "all infants who died unbaptized were excluded from heaven. In the case of unbaptized adults a few exceptions were admitted, but the sentence on infants was inexorable." Even Pelagius, "one of the most rationalistic intellects of the age," while denying the reality of hereditary guilt, did not venture to deny the necessity of infant baptism. The majority of the reformers, according to our author, made little or no advance in this direction. He admits, indeed, that Calvin was in some respects more favourable to unbaptized infants than Luther and his followers. He taught that "the children of believers were undoubtedly saved, and that the intention to baptize was as efficacious as the ceremony." "But these views," he adds, "arose simply from the reluctance of Calvin and his followers to admit the extraordinary efficacy of a ceremony, and not at all from any moral repugnance to the doctrine of transmitted guilt. No school declared more constantly and emphatically the utter depravity of human nature, and the sentence of perdition attaching to the mere possession of such a nature, and the eternal damnation of the great majority of infants." Such, in Mr. Lecky's judgment, was the basis of the principle of persecution, whose melancholy history he sketches in the second part of his chapter on this subject. He traces the first workings of the principle in the edicts of Constantine against the Jews, and the enforced destruction of the heathen temples in the country districts, where the old religion still lingered, and from which it came to be called Paganism. It was only in the hands of Augustine, however, according to our author, that the theology of persecution became systematized. He draws a vivid but somewhat over-coloured portrait of this great theologian — one of the most striking passages in his work. We present it to our readers because we think that, notwithstanding its exaggerations, it brings out features in Augustine's character apt to be overlooked in the blaze of his acknowledged fame, which have yet a not insignificant bearing upon some of the principles of his theology. Mr. Lecky writes:—

"A sensualist and a Manichean, a philosopher and a theologian, a saint of the most tender and exquisite piety, and a supporter of atrocious persecution, the life of this Father exhibits a strange instance of the combination of the most discordant agencies to the develop-

ment of a single mind, and of the influence of that mind over the most conflicting interests. Neither the unbridled passions of his youth, nor the extravagances of the heresy he so long maintained, could cloud the splendour of his majestic intellect, which was even then sweeping over the whole field of knowledge, and acquiring, in the most unpropitious spheres, new elements of strength. In the arms of the frail beauties of Carthage, he learned to touch the chords of passion with consummate skill; and the subtleties of Persian metaphysics — the awful problems of the origin of evil and of the essence of the soul, which he vainly sought to fathom — gave him a sense of the darkness around us that coloured every portion of his teaching. The weight and compass of his genius, his knowledge both of men and of books, a certain aroma of sanctity that imparted an inexpressible charm to all his later writings, and a certain impetuosity of character that overbore every obstacle, soon made him the master intellect of the Church. Others may have had a larger share in the construction of her formulæ; no one, since the days of the apostles, infused into her a larger measure of her spirit. He made it his mission to map out his theology with inflexible precision, to develop its principles to their full consequences, and to co-ordinate its various parts into one authoritative and symmetrical whole. Impatient of doubt, he shrank from no conclusion, however unpalatable. He seemed to exult in trampling human instincts in the dust, and in accustoming men to accept submissively the most revolting tenets. He was the most staunch and enthusiastic defender of all those doctrines that grow out of the habits of mind that lead to persecution. No one else had developed so fully the material character of the torments of hell, no one else had plunged so deeply into the speculations of predestinarianism, very few had dwelt so emphatically on the damnation of the unbaptized. For a time he shrank from and even condemned persecution, but he soon perceived in it the necessary consequence of his principles. He recanted his condemnation; he flung his whole genius into the cause; he recurred to it again and again, and he became the framer and the representative of the theology of intolerance." — (Vol. ii., pp. 22-3.)

But while the idea of persecution was thus elaborated by Augustine — tempered, it should be said, in his case, by practical recommendations to mercy — it was not till the twelfth and following centuries that the idea attained to its full prominence, and persecution became the recognised and systematic form of cruelty which it so long continued in the Church. The same causes of excitement which carried the horrors of witchcraft to their full height, — the symptoms of insurrection in European thought, and the growing jealousy of the Church, — developed the agency of persecution to a

fearful extent. In 1208, Innocent III. established the Inquisition. In 1209, De Montfort began the massacre of the Albigenses. In 1215, the fourth Council of the Lateran enjoined all rulers to exterminate from their dominions all heretics. The results are dreadful to contemplate. The conclusion of Mr. Lecky is probably unexaggerated, that "the Church of Rome has shed more innocent blood than any other institution that has ever existed among mankind." Nor, it is sad to think, did the Reformation in this respect at first greatly benefit mankind. The evil spirit passed over into the Protestant churches, not in all its practical virulence, yet with only slightly abated force, as a dogmatic instinct. Luther, Calvin, Knox, Cranmer, alike advocated the lawfulness of persecution. It was not till the rise of a higher philosophical and religious spirit, in the close of the sixteenth century, that the counteracting idea of toleration began to take hold of the European mind. Our author has dwelt chiefly upon the services rendered by Montaigne, Descartes, and Bayle in this respect, and these services certainly deserve every recognition. The keen, wide, lively intellect of Bayle did perhaps more than any other to carry forward the great movement. A treatise of his, comparatively unknown, on the text, "Compel them to enter in," was among the first clear expositions of the right and necessity — as men are constituted — of intellectual differences in religion, and the consequent duty of toleration to these differences. There is another great name, political and religious rather than philosophical, which Mr. Lecky should not have omitted to mention — that of the first William of Orange. No mind had so clearly seized the idea of toleration before the end of the sixteenth century, while no struggle did more to gain a practical footing for the idea than that which he headed and consecrated by his blood.

Mr. Lecky does full justice to the great names in our own country associated with the cause of religious freedom, and does not here omit the services of the liberal theologians of the seventeenth century. The succession of rational divines in the Church of England, which reckons among its numbers, besides Hooker, Chillingworth, and Hales, already mentioned, Jer. Taylor, in his earlier and better years, Milton, the Cambridge Platonists, and their successors, the divines of the Revolution, have as yet received but scanty justice for their labours in behalf of the highest religious thought. They have been overshadowed by the higher dogmatic

fame of the Anglo-Catholic and Puritan theologians of the same century. The study of their works, however, will amply show that the stream of religious thought which is still flowing onwards, with gathering volume and vitality, is that which they commenced and carried forward amidst the extreme currents of opposing dogmatism, which alike sought to overpower them. These men were all more or less Rationalists in the right and comprehensive meaning of the word; men, that is to say, who saw, long before the world was prepared to see it, that theology must vindicate its place among other sciences, and at their head, not by any mere appeal to authority, however venerable, but by the ever renewed and more enlightened comprehension of the great truths of Revelation.

But we cannot pursue this interesting subject further at present, nor can we dwell longer on Mr. Lecky's volumes. We have confined ourselves mainly, in the latter part of our paper, to an exposition of his course of thought, not that we entirely agreed with his representations, any more than with his original definition of Rationalism, but because we wished in some degree to "review" his work, and not merely make it a text for our own thoughts. We have said enough to show that genuine Christianity, and genuine Christian theology, has nothing to fear from "the rise and influence of the spirit of Rationalism." Forms of belief which may no longer seem exerting a living influence over cultivated thought, should they even pass away, would leave Christianity powerful as ever. It is the very business of theology to sift them, and all theological conceptions, anew in the light of Divine Revelation. Whatever is true in any of them will come forth from the trial purified and exalted—instinct with a more vigorous life than ever for the conviction of human sin, and of Divine righteousness and judgment. There never was a more un-

sound fear than the fear that Christianity will not stand every trial of the reason. The "wood, hay, and stubble" may indeed be consumed in the fire of this trial, but the "only foundation" will stand all the more secure after the fire of purification has passed over it. And indeed, may it not be said that the great truths of Christianity—the love of God our Father, the sacrifice of Christ our Saviour, and the ministering grace of the Holy Spirit our Sanctifier—shine more luminously in the higher intelligence, and exert a more real influence over the varied activities of the higher culture, in our generation than in many previous generations? Let it be that there is a wide sphere of modern philosophical thought which is working outside of Christianity, and whose radical principles seem in conflict with the great conceptions of Divine Personality, Mediation, and Influence, no less than with the essentially Christian conception of the Divine dignity of man, on which all spiritual philosophy rests,—let this be, Christianity has no need to fear, even in the face of such an enemy. For Positivism, temporarily powerful as it is, is only a partial growth of reason; a growth which has shot up into extraordinary vigour from the previous depression and neglect of the side of thought in which it originates, but which is destined to the extravagance and ultimate decay of all partial growths. Christianity transcends all such partial philosophies, both by the larger and more enlightened conception of reason which it holds forth to view, and by the more living Divine activity for human good which it carries in its bosom. One thing alone it has to fear, that is, the cowardice which shrinks from the freest light of inquiry, or clings, in the hour of danger, to props of sacerdotal or dogmatical tradition, which the advancing tide of thought may be destined to sweep away.

JOHN TULLOCH.

### FAST AND HUMILIATION :

#### OR, SICK BEASTS v. SICK PAUPERS.

"Fast and humiliate yourselves, to avert the wrath of Heaven!"

How? As we're used to fast in Lent, and pray one day in seven?

The fast, that means our usual meal, *plus* salt-fish and egg-sauce?

The prayer, that's three parts Sunday clothes, *farniente*, and, of course,

The form prescribed by authority, and the lessons of the day?

As the Pharisees must have fasted, and the Scribes been used to pray?

Is this "a fast unto the Lord?" Is this a  
bowing down  
To take the sharpness from his scourge, the  
blackness from his frown?  
Are these fine clothes the sackcloth that re-  
pentant Sin should wear?  
These scents and dyes the ashes that should  
stain the sinner's hair?  
Has Burlesque the Church invaded, having out-  
grown the play,  
Till parsons act, and *Punch* expounds the Les-  
sons of the Day?

The Lessons of the Day? Yes, my brethren,  
let's give heed  
To their letter and their spirit, that e'en those  
who run may read:  
Where are these Lessons written? In the  
stock-pen, or the byre?  
In steamers' holds, where cattle in foul air and  
filth expire?  
In the sheds where milk's made out of grains,  
and fever out of muck?  
In the heat and thirst and torture of the seeth-  
ing railway-truck?

There are lessons here, my brethren—lessons  
we sorely need—  
They are not pleasant reading, but should prof-  
it us to read.  
Cruelty falls in curses, as mountain-mist in  
rain;  
Our cruelty to cattle falls in curse of plague  
and blain:  
But the real "Lesson of the Day's" on "cru-  
elty to man,"  
And must be read in workhouse ward, not in  
hold, byre, or van.

Rare matter here for fasting—not in the salt-  
fish style:  
Ground for humiliation—not in broad-cloth  
and three-pile;  
Here's misery of our making, or permitting  
man to make,  
That must awaken wrath in God, if God hath  
wrath to wake.  
Here's plague, with stench its sire, filth and  
foul air its mothers—  
Here's "cruelty to animals"—those animals  
our brothers!

There is no lack of these lessons, our news-  
papers they crowd;  
Reports, inquiries, inquests, leading articles  
are loud;  
JOHN BULL reads, blushes, shakes with rage or  
sickens, and so flings  
The horror off, and turns the page, and reads  
less shocking things.  
But there's a sheet where such things stand for  
judgment by-and-by,  
Not for slashing social leader, or short sensa-  
tion cry.

To-day it is a pauper's persistence not to die;  
The hard short bed, where aching bones and  
sloughing sores must lie:  
The vermin, fat mid hunger, waxing ripe on  
human rot:  
The ailment nursed as carefully as he that ails  
is not:  
The pauper nurse, the slattern meal, chance-  
medley, draught or pill,  
Till acute disease grows chronic, and a scratch  
gains strength to kill.

To-morrow, some new misery of unintended  
slow decay,  
Till of a living pauper grave-maggots make  
their prey:  
Visiting Guardians arrive—quick, ere they  
pass the doors,  
Have the filth swept below the beds, the sheets  
drawn o'er the sores!  
Let another death-struck pauper, braving  
wrath of master, nurse, and Board,  
Reveal the festering horrors of a St. Giles sick  
ward.

Or 'tis a dying wretch, turned out just on the  
edge of doom,  
To the winter cold and darkness of the old  
men's common-room.  
"He groaned and coughed—most of us groan  
and cough—the groans grew low,  
We heard a rattling in his throat, but the door  
was locked, you know.  
One had a candle-end and match—against the  
rules, 'tis true—  
And by its light we found him dead—but  
what use to make ado?"

Now 'tis a babe, the child of shame, forsaken  
and foredone;  
The pauper wet-nurse has her own, and her  
milk is scant for one.  
"Tis dead!"—"No, 'tis so slow to die!"—  
"For the grave let's have it drest!"  
"What's the odds of a few minutes?"—Who's  
HILLOCKS, to protest,  
And disturb the lady-matron while she has  
friends to tea,  
All because little GREEN ain't dead when dead  
she ought to be!"

Fast and humiliation! Because our cattle die,  
Because beef's up at Leadenhall, we raise our  
helpless cry!  
And all this misery round us, whereof we know  
the seed,  
Not in God's mysterious judgments, but our  
own neglect and greed.  
Down on our knees, or, better far, up to our  
feet, like men,  
Blush that such things have been, and swear  
they shall not be again!

—Punch.

## PART V.—CHAPTER XVIII.

THE announcement of Winnie's engagement made, as was to be looked for, a considerable commotion among all the people connected with her. The very next morning Sir Edward himself came down to the Cottage with a very serious face. He had been disposed to play with the budding affection and to take pleasure in the sight of the two young creatures as they drew towards each other; and Percival, though in love, was not without prudence (his friend thought), and Winnie, though very open to impressions, was capricious and fanciful, and not the kind of girl, Sir Edward imagined, to say Yes to the first man who asked her. Thus the only sensible adviser on the spot had wilfully blinded himself. It had not occurred to him that Winnie might think of Percival, not as the first man who had ever asked her, but as the only man whom she loved; nor that Percival, though prudent enough, liked his own way, and was as liable to be carried away by passion as a better man. These reflections had not come into Sir Edward's head, and consequently he had rather encouraged the growing tenderness, which now all at once had turned into earnest, and had become a matter of responsibility and serious concern. Sir Edward came into Miss Seton's pretty drawing-room with care on his brow. The young people had gone out together to Kirtellside to visit the spot of their momentous interview, and doubtless to go over it all again, as people do at that foolish moment, and only Aunt Agatha and Mrs. Ochterlony were at home. Sir Edward went in and sat down between the two ladies, and offered his salutations with a pensive gravity which made Mary smile, but brought a cloud of disquietude over Aunt Agatha's gentle countenance. He sighed as he said it was a fine day. He even looked sympathetically at the roses as if he knew of some evil that was about to befall them,—and his old neighbor knew his ways and knew that he meant something, and with natural consciousness divined at once what it was.

" You have heard what has happened," said Aunt Agatha, trembling a little, and laying down her work. " It is so kind of you to come over at once; but I do hope that is not why you are looking so grave?"

" Am I looking grave?" said Sir Edward, clearing up in an elaborate way; " I did not mean it, I am sure. I suppose we ought to have seen it coming and been prepared; but these sort of things always take one by surprise. I did not think Winnie was the

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girl to—to make up her mind all at once, you know—the very first man that asked her. I suppose it was my mistake."

" If you think it was the very first that asked her!" cried Aunt Agatha, who felt this reproach go to her heart, " it is a mistake. She is only eighteen—a mere child—but I was saying to Mary only yesterday, that it was not for want of being admired"—

" Oh, yes," said Sir Edward, with a little wave of his hand, " we all know she has been admired. One's eyes alone would have proved that; and she deserves to be admired; and that is generally a girl's chief stronghold, in my opinion. She knows it, and learns her own value, and does not yield to the first fellow who has the boldness to say right out"—

" I assure you, Sir Edward," said Aunt Agatha, growing red and very erect in her chair, and assuming a steadiness which was unfortunately quite contradicted by the passionate quiver of her lip, " that you do Winnie great injustice—so far as being the first goes"—

" What does it matter if he were the first or the fiftieth, if she likes him?" said Mary, who had begun by being much amused, but who had ended by being a little indignant; for she had herself married at eighteen and never had a lover but Hugh Ochterlony, and felt herself disapproved of along with her sister."

Upon which Sir Edward shook his head.

" Certainly, my dear Mary, if she likes him," said the Baronet; " but the discouraging thing is, that an inexperienced girl—a girl so very well brought up as Winnie has been—should allow herself, as I have said, to like the very first man who presents himself. One would have thought some sort of introduction was necessary before such a thought could have penetrated into her mind. After she had been obliged to receive it in that way—then indeed,—But I am aware that there are people who have not my scruples," said Sir Edward, with a sigh; for he was, as all the neighborhood was aware, a man of the most delicate mind.

" If you think my dear pure-minded child is not scrupulous, Sir Edward!" cried poor Aunt Agatha—but her emotion was so great that her voice failed her; and Mary, half amused and half angry, was the only champion left for Winnie's character, thus unexpectedly assailed.

" Poor child, I think she is getting very hard measure," said Mary. " I don't mean to blame you, but I think both of you encouraged her up to the last moment. You let

them be always together, and smiled on them; and they are young, and what else could you expect? It is more delicate to love than to flirt," said Mrs. Ochterlony. She had not been nearly so well brought up as her sister, nor with such advanced views, and what she said brought a passing blush upon her matron cheek. Winnie could have discussed all about love without the shadow of a blush, but that was only the result of the chronological difference, and had nothing to do with purity of heart.

"If we have had undue confidence," said Sir Edward, with a sigh, "we will have to pay for it. Mary speaks — as I have heard many women speak — without making any consideration of the shock it must be to a delicate young girl; and I think, after the share which I may say I have myself had in Winnie's education, that I might be permitted to express my surprise; and Percival ought to have shown a greater regard for the sacredness of hospitality. I cannot but say that I was very much vexed and surprised."

It may well be supposed that such an address, after poor Aunt Agatha's delight and exultation in her child's joy, and her willingness to see with Winnie's eyes and accept Winnie's lover on his own authority, was a most confounding utterance. She sat silent, poor lady, with her lips apart and her eyes wide open, and a kind of feeling that it was all over with Winnie in her heart. Aunt Agatha was ready to fight her darling's battles to her last gasp, but she was not prepared to be put down and made an end of in this summary way. She had all sorts of pretty lady-like deprecations about their youth and Winnie's inexperience ready in her mind, and had rather hoped to be assured that to have her favourite thus early settled in life was the very best that anybody would desire for her. Miss Seton had been so glad to think in former days that Sir Edward always understood her, and she had thought Winnie's interests were as dear to him as if she had been a child of his own; and now to think that Sir Edward regarded an event so important for Winnie as an evidence of indelicacy on her part, and of a kind of treachery on her lover's! All that Aunt Agatha could do was to throw an appealing look at Mary, who had hitherto been the only one dissatisfied or disapproving. She knew more about Captain Percival than any one. Would not she say a word for them now?

"He must have thought that was what you meant when you let them be so much together," said Mary. "I think, if you will

forgive me, Sir Edward, that it is not *their* fault."

Sir Edward answered this reproach only by a sigh. He was in a despondent rather than a combative state of mind. "And you see I do not know so much as I should like to know about him," he said, evading the personal question. "He is a very nice fellow; but I told you the other day I did not consider him a paladin; and whether he has enough to live upon, or anything to settle on her — My dear Mary, at least you will agree with me, that considering how short a time they have known each other, things have gone a great deal too far."

"I do not know how long they have known each other," said Mary, who now felt herself called upon absolutely to take Aunt Agatha's part.

"Ah, I know," said Sir Edward, "and so does your aunt; and things did not go at railroad speed like this in *our* days. It is only about six weeks, and they are engaged to be married! I suppose that you know as much about him as anybody — or so he gave me to understand at least; and do you think him a good match for your young sister?" added Sir Edward, with a tone of superior virtue which went to Mary's heart.

It was a trying moment for Mrs. Ochterlony, who disliked young Percival, and even in a way feared him, and yet at the same time felt herself called upon to uphold him as champion for her aunt and her sister. Mary was too true a woman not to be a partisan, and had the feminine gift of putting her own private sentiments out of the question in comparison with the cause which she had to advocate; but still it was an embarrassing question, especially as Aunt Agatha was looking at her with the most pathetic appeal in her eyes.

"I know very little of Captain Percival," she said; "I saw him once only in India, and it was at a moment very painful to me. But Winnie likes him — and you must have approved of him, Sir Edward, or you would not have brought him here."

Upon which Aunt Agatha rose and kissed Mary, recognising perfectly that she did not commit herself on the merits of the case, but at the same time sustained by her support. Sir Edward, for his part, turned a deaf ear to the implied reproach, but still kept up his melancholy view of the matter, and shook his head.

"He has good connections," he said, "his late mother was a great friend of mine. In other circumstances, and could we have made up our minds to it at the proper mo-

ment, she might have been Lady — But it is vain to talk of that. I think we might push him a little if he would devote himself steadily to his profession ; but what can be expected from a man who wants to marry at five-and-twenty ? 'I myself,' said Sir Edward, with dignity, "though the eldest son"—

"Yes," said Aunt Agatha, unable to restrain herself longer, "and see what has come of it. You are all by yourself at the Hall, and not a soul belonging to you ; and to see Francis Ochterlony with his statives and nonsense ! — Oh, Sir Edward ! when you might have had a dozen lovely children growing up round you"—

"Heaven forbid !" said Sir Edward, piously ; and then he sighed — perhaps only from the mild melancholy which possessed him at the moment and was occasioned by Winnie's indelicate haste to fall in love ; perhaps, also, from some touch of personal feeling. A dozen lovely children might be rather too heavy an amount of happiness, while yet a modified bliss would have been sweet. He sighed and leant his head upon his hand, and withdrew into himself for the moment in that interesting way which was habitual to him, and had gained him the title of "poor Sir Edward." It might be very foolish for a man (who had his own way to make in the world) to marry at five-and-twenty ; but still, perhaps, it was rather more foolish when a man did not marry at all, and was left in his old age all alone in a great vacant house. But naturally, it was not this view of the matter which he displayed to his feminine companions, who were both women enough to have triumphed a little over such a confession of failure. He had a fine head, though he was old, and his hand was as delicate and almost as pale as ivory, and he could not but know that he looked interesting in that particular attitude, though, no doubt, it was his solicitude for these two indiscreet young people which chiefly moved him. "I am quite at a loss what to do," he said. "Mrs. Percival is a very fond mother, and she will naturally look to me for an account of all this ; and there is your uncle Penrose, Mary — a man I never could bear, as you all know — he will come in all haste, of course, and insist upon settlements and so forth ; and why all this responsibility should come on me, who have no desire in this world but for tranquillity and peace"—

"It need not come on you," said Mrs. Ochterlony ; "we are not very great business people, but still, with Aunt Agatha and myself"—

Sir Edward smiled. The idea diverted him so much that he raised his head from his hand. "My dear Mary," he said, "I have the very highest opinion of your capacity ; but in a matter of this kind, for instance — And I am not so utterly selfish as to forsake my old neighbour in distress."

But here Aunt Agatha took up her own defence. "I don't consider that I am in distress," she said. "I must say, I did not expect anything like this, Sir Edward, from you. If it had been Mr. Penrose, with his mercenary ideas — I was very fond of Mary's poor dear mamma, and I don't mean any reflection on her, poor darling — but I suppose that is how it always happens with people in trade. Mr. Penrose is always a trial, and Mary knows that ; but I hope I am able to bear something for my dear child's sake." Aunt Agatha continued, growing a little excited ; "though I never thought that I should have to bear"— and then the poor lady gave a stifled sob, and added in the midst of it, "this from you !"

This was a kind of climax which had arrived before, in the familiar friendship so long existing between the Hall and the Cottage. The two principals knew how to make it up better than the spectator did who was looking on with a little alarm and a little amusement. Perhaps it was as well that Mary was called away to her own individual concerns, and had to leave Aunt Agatha and Sir Edward in the height of their misunderstanding. Mary went away to her children, and perhaps it was only in the ordinary course of human nature that when she went into the nursery among those three little human creatures, who were so entirely dependent upon herself, there should be a smile upon her face as she thought of the two old people she had left. It seemed to her, as perhaps it seems to most women in the presence of their own children, at sight of those three boys — who were "mere babies" to Aunt Agatha but to Mary the most important existences in the world — as if this serio-comic dispute about Winnie's love affairs was the most quaintly-ridiculous exhibition. When she was conscious of this thought in her own mind, she rebuked it, of course ; but at the first glance it seemed as if Winnie's falling in love was so trivial a matter — so little to be put in comparison with the grave cares of life. There are moments when the elder women, who have long passed through all that, and have entered upon another stage of existence, cannot but smile at the love-matters, without considering that life itself

is often decided by the complexion of the early romance, which seems to belong only to its lighter and less serious side. Sir Edward and Aunt Agatha for their part had never, old as they both were, got beyond the first stage—and it was natural it should bulk larger in their eyes. And this time it was they who were right, and not Mary, whose children were but children, and in no danger of any harm. Whereas, poor Winnie, at the top of happiness—gay, reckless, daring, and assured of her own future felicity—was in reality a creature in deadly peril and wavering on the verge of her fate.

But when the day had come to an end, and Captain Percival had at last retired, and Winnie, a little languid after her lover's departure, sat by the open window watching, no longer with despite or displeasure, the star of light which shone over the tree-tops from the Hall, there occurred a scene of a different description. But for the entire change in Winnie's looks and manner, the absence of the embroidery frame at which she had worked so violently, and the languid softened grace with which she had thrown herself down upon a low chair, too happy and content to feel called upon to do anything, the three ladies were just as they had been a few evenings before; that is to say, that Aunt Agatha and Mary, to neither of whom any change was possible, were just as they had been before, while to the girl at the window everything in heaven and earth had changed. The two others had had their day and were done with it. Though Miss Seton was still scarcely an old woman, and Mary was in the full vigour and beauty of life, they were both ashore high up upon the beach, beyond the range of the highest tide; while the other, in her boat of hope, was playing with the rippling incoming waters, and preparing to put to sea. It was not in nature that the two who had been at sea, and knew all the storms and dangers, should not look at her wistfully in her happy ignorance; perhaps even they looked at her with a certain envy too. But Aunt Agatha was not a woman who could let either well or ill alone—and it was she who disturbed the household calm which might have been profound that night, so far as Winnie was concerned.

"My dear love," said Aunt Agatha, with a timidity which implied something to tell, "Sir Edward has been here. Captain Percival had told him, you know"—

"Yes," said Winnie, carelessly, "I know."

"And, my darling," said Miss Seton—"I

am sure it is what I never could have expected from him, who was always such a friend; but I sometimes think he gets a little strange—as he gets old, you know"—

This was what the unprincipled woman said, not caring in the least how much she slandered Sir Edward, or anybody else in the world, so long as she gave a little comfort to the child of her heart. And as for Winnie, though she had been brought up at his feet, as it were, and was supposed by himself and others to love him like a child of his own, she took no notice of this unfounded accusation. She was thinking of quite a different person, just as Aunt Agatha was thinking of her, and Mary of her boys. They were women, each preoccupied and absorbed in somebody else, and they did not care about justice. And thus Sir Edward for the moment fared badly among them, though, if any outside assailant had attacked him, they would all have fought for him to the death.

"Well?" said Winnie, still very carelessly, as Miss Seton came to a sudden stop.

"My dear love!" said Aunt Agatha, "he has not a word to say against Captain Percival, that I can see"—

"Against Edward?" cried Winnie, raising herself up. "Good gracious, Aunt Agatha, what are you thinking of? Against Edward! I should like to know what he could say. His own god-father—and his mother was once engaged to him—and he is as good as a relation, and the nearest friend he has. What could he possibly have to say? And besides, it was he who brought him here; and we think he will leave us the most of his money," Winnie said, hastily—and then was very sorry for what she had said, and blushed scarlet and bit her lips, but it was too late to draw back.

"Winnie," said Miss Seton, solemnly. "If he has been calculating upon what people will leave to him when they die, I will think it is all true that Sir Edward said."

"You said Sir Edward did not say anything," cried Winnie. "What is it you have heard? It is of no use trying to deceive me. If there has been anything said against him, it is Mary who has said it. I can see by her face it is Mary. And if she is to be heard against him," cried Winnie, rising up in a blaze of wrath and indignation, "it is only just that he should be heard on the other side. He is too good and too kind to say things about my sister to me; but Mary is only a woman, and of course she does not mind what she says. She can blacken a man behind his back, though he

is far too honourable and too — too delicate to say what he knows of *her*!"

This unlooked-for assault took Mary so entirely by surprise, that she looked up with a certain bewilderment, and could not find a word to say. As for Aunt Agatha, she too rose and took Winnie's hands, and put her arms round her as much as the angry girl would permit.

"It was not Mary," she said. "Oh, Winnie, my darling, if it was for your good, and an ease to my mind, and better for you in life — if it was for your good, my dear love — that is what we are all thinking of — could not you give him up?"

It was, perhaps, the boldest thing Aunt Agatha had ever done in all her gentle life — and even Winnie could not but be influenced by such unusual resolution. She made a wild effort to escape for the first moment, and stood with her hands held fast in Aunt Agatha's hands, averting her angry face, and refusing to answer. But when she felt herself still held fast, and that her fond guardian had the courage to hold to her question, Winnie's anger turned into another kind of passion. The tears came pouring to her eyes in a sudden violent flood, which she neither tried to stop nor to hide. "No!" cried Winnie, with the big thunder-drops falling hot and heavy. "What is *my* good without him? If it was for my harm I shouldn't care. Don't hold me, don't look at me, Aunt Agatha! I don't care for anything in the world but Edward. I would not give him up — no, not if it was to break everybody's heart. What is it all to me without Edward?" cried the passionate girl. And when Miss Seton let her go, she threw herself on her chair again, with the tears coming in floods, but still facing them both through this storm-shower with crimson cheeks and shining eyes. As for poor Aunt Agatha, she too tottered back to her chair, frightened and abashed as well as in distress; for young ladies had not been in the habit of talking so freely in her days.

"Oh, Winnie — and we have loved you all your life; and you have only known him a few weeks," she said, faltering, and with a natural groan.

"I cannot help it," said Winnie; "you may think me a wretch, but I like him best. Isn't it natural I should like him best? Mary did, and ran away, and nobody was shocked at her; and even you, yourself!" —

"I never, never, could have said such a thing all my life!" cried Aunt Agatha, with a maiden blush upon her sweet old cheeks.

"If you had, you would not have been a — as you are now," said the dauntless Winnie; and she recovered in the twinkling of an eye, and wiped away her tears, and was herself again. Possibly what she had said was true and natural, as she asserted; but it is an unquestionable fact, that neither her aunt nor her sister could have said it for their lives. She was a young lady of the nineteenth century, and she acted accordingly; but it is a certain fact, as Aunt Agatha justly observed, whatever people may think now, that girls did not speak like that in *our* day.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

THE few weeks which ensued were the most stormy and troublous period of all Miss Seton's life; and through her there was naturally a considerable disturbance of the peace of the Cottage. Though she lived so quietly, she had what is called in the country "a large circle," and had dwelt among her own people all her life, and was known to everybody about. It was a quiet neighbourhood, but yet there never was a neighborhood so quiet as not to have correspondents and relations living out in the world, to whom all news went, and from whom all news came. And there were a number of "families" about Kirtell, not great people certainly, but very respectable people, gentry, and well-connected persons hanging on by various links to the great world. In this way Winnie's engagement, which nobody wanted to conceal, came to be known far and wide, as such facts are so apt to get known. And a great many people out in the world, who had once known Miss Seton, wrote letters to her, in which they suggested that perhaps she had forgotten them, but hoped that she would excuse them, and attribute it to the regard which they had never ceased to feel for her, if they asked, Did she know Captain Percival very well, who was said to be engaged to her pretty niece? Had she heard what happened in the Isle of Man when his regiment was stationed there? and why was it that he did not go out to Gibraltar after he had got *that* appointment? Other people, who did not know Aunt Agatha, took what was after all the more disagreeable step of writing to their friends in the parish about the young man, whose career had certainly left traces, as it appeared, upon the memory of his generation. To rise every morning with a sense that such an epistle might be awaiting her on the breakfast table — or to

receive a visitor with the horrible conviction that she had come to look into her face, and hold her hand, and be confidential and sympathetic, and deliver a solemn warning — was an ordeal which Aunt Agatha found it hard to bear. She was a woman who never forgot her character as a maiden lady, and liked to be justified by precedents and to be approved of by all the world. And these repeated remonstrances had no doubt a great effect upon her mind. They filled her with terrible misgivings and embittered her life, and drove her now and then into so great a panic that she felt disposed to thrust Captain Percival out of the house and forbid his re-appearance there. But then, Winnie. Winnie was not the girl to submit to any such violent remedies. If she could not see her lover there, she would find means to see him somewhere else. If she could not be married to him with stately propriety in her parish church, she would manage to marry him somehow in any irregular way, and she would by no means hesitate to say so or shrink from the responsibility. And if it must be done, would it not be better that it should be done correctly than incorrectly, and with all things decent and in order? Thus poor Aunt Agatha would muse as she gathered up her bundle of letters. It might have been all very well for parents to exercise their authority in the days when their children obeyed them; but what was the use of issuing commands to which nobody would pay any attention? Winnie had very plainly expressed her preference for her own happiness rather than her aunt's peace of mind; and though Miss Seton would never have consented to admit that Winnie was anything less than the most beautiful character, still she was aware that unreasoning obedience was not her faculty. Besides, another sentiment began to mingle with this prudential consideration. Everybody was against the poor young man. The first letters she received about him made her miserable; but after that there was no doubt a revulsion. Everybody was against him, poor fellow! — and he was so young, and could not, after all, have done so much harm in the world. "He has not had the time, Mary," she said, with an appeal to Mrs. Ochterlony for support. "If he had been doing wrong from his very cradle, he could not have had the time." She could not refuse to believe what was told her, and yet notwithstanding her belief she clung to the culprit. If he had found any other advocate it might have been different; but nobody took the other side of

the question: nobody wrote a pretty letter to say what a dear fellow he was, and how glad his friends were to think he had found some one worthy of him — not even his mother; and Aunt Agatha's heart accordingly became the *avvocato del diavolo*. Fair play was due even to Captain Percival. It was impossible to have him assailed as he was by so many, and left without one friend.

It was a curious sight to see how she at once received and ignored all the information thus conveyed to her. A woman of a harder type would probably, as women do, have imputed motives, and settled the matter with the general conclusion that "an enemy hath done this;" but Aunt Agatha could not help, for the moment at least, believing in everybody. She could not say right out, "It is not true," even to the veriest impostor who deceived and got money from her, and their name was legion. In her own innocent soul she had no belief in lies, and could not understand them; and it was easier for her to give credence to the wildest marvel than to believe that anybody could tell her a deliberate falsehood. She would have kissed the ladies who wrote to her of those stories about Captain Percival, and cried and wrung her hands, and asked, What could she do? — and yet her heart was by no means turned against him, notwithstanding her belief in what everybody said; which is a strange and novel instance, well enough known to social philosophers, but seldom remarked upon, of the small practical influence of belief upon life. "How can it be a lie, my dear child? what motive could they all have to tell lies?" she would say to Winnie mournfully; and yet ten minutes after, when it was Mrs. Ochterlony she was speaking to, she would make her piteous appeal for him, poor fellow! — "Everybody is against him; and he is so young still; and oh, Mary, how much he must need looking after," Aunt Agatha would say, "if it is all true!"

Perhaps it was stranger still that Mary, who did not like Captain Percival, and was convinced of the truth of all the stories told of him, and knew in her heart that he was her enemy and would not scruple to do her harm if the chance should come in his way — was also a little moved by the same argument. Everybody was against him. It was the Cottage against the world, so far as he was concerned; and even Mrs. Ochterlony, though she ought to have known better, could not help feeling herself one of a "side," and to a certain extent felt her honor pledged to the defence of her sister's

lover. Had she, in the very heart of this stronghold which was standing out for him so stoutly, lifted up a testimony against him, she would have felt herself in some respects a domestic traitor. She might be silent on the subject, and avoid all comment, but she could not utter an adverse opinion, or join in with the general voice against which Aunt Agatha and Winnie stood forth as steadfastly. As for Winnie, every word that was said to his detriment made her more determined to adhere to him. What did it matter whether he was good or bad, so long as it was indisputably *he*? There was but one Edward Percival in the world, and he would still be Edward Percival if he had committed a dozen murders, or gambled twenty fortunes away. Such was Winnie's defiant way of treating the matter which concerned her more closely than anybody else. She carried things with a high hand in those days. All the world was against her, and she scorned the world. She attributed motives, though Aunt Agatha did not. She said it was envy and jealousy and all the evil passions. She made wild counter-accusations, in the style of that literature which sets forth the skeleton in every man's closet. Who could tell what little incidents could be found out in the private history of the ladies who had so much to say about Captain Percival? This is so ordinary a mode of defence, that no doubt it is natural, and Winnie went into it with good will. Thus his standard was planted upon the Cottage, and however unkindly people might think of him outside, shelter and support was always to be found within. Even Peggy, though she did not always agree with her mistress, felt, as Mrs. Ochterlony did, that she was one of a side, and became a partisan with an earnestness that was impossible to Mary. Sir Edward shook his head still, but he was disarmed by the close phalanx and the determined aspect of Percival's defenders. "It is true love," he said in his sentimental way; "and love can work miracles when everything else has failed. It may be his salvation." This was what he wrote to Percival's mother, who, up to this moment, had been but doubtful in her approbation, and very anxious, and uncertain, as she said, whether she ought not to tell Miss Seton that Edward had been "foolish." He had been "foolish," even in his mother's opinion; and his other critics were, some of them, so tolerant as to say "gay," and some "wild," while a few used a more solemn style of diction; but everybody was against him, whatever terms they might employ; every-

body except the ladies at the Cottage, who set up his standard, and accepted him with all his iniquities upon his head.

It may be worth while at this point, before Mr. Penrose arrives, who played so important a part in the business, to say a word about the poor young man who was thus universally assailed. He was five-and-twenty, and a young man of expectations. Though he had spent every farthing which came to himself at his majority, and a good deal more than that, still his mother had a nice estate, and Sir Edward was his god-father, and the world was full of obliging tradespeople and other amiable persons. He was a handsome fellow, nearly six feet high, with plenty of hair, and a moustache of the most charming growth. The hair was of dull brown, which was rather a disadvantage to him, but then it went perfectly well with his pale complexion, and suited the cloudy look over the eyes which was the most characteristic point in his face. The eyes themselves were good, and had, when they chose, a sufficiently frank expression, but there lay about the eyebrows a number of lurking hidden lines which looked like mischief—lines which could be brought into action at any moment, and could scowl, or lower, or brood, according to the fancy of their owner. Some people thought this uncertainty in his face was its greatest charm; you could never tell what a moment might bring forth from that moveable and changing forehead. It was suggestive, as a great many persons thought—suggestive of storm and thunder and sudden disturbance, or even in some eyes of cruelty and gloom—though he was a fine young man, and gay and fond of his pleasure. Winnie, as may be supposed, was not of this latter opinion. She even loved to bring out those hidden lines, and call the shadows over his face, for the pleasure of seeing how they melted away again, according to the use and wont of young ladies. It was a sort of uncertainty that was permissible to him, who had been a spoiled child, and whom everybody, at the beginning of his career, had petted and taken notice of; but possibly it was a quality which would not have called forth much admiration from a wife.

And with Winnie standing by him as she did—clinging to him closer at every new accusation, and proclaiming, without faltering, her indifference to anything that could be said, and her conviction that the worse he was the more need he had of her—Captain Percival, too, took matters very lightly. The two foolish young creatures even

came to laugh, and make fun of it in their way. "Here is Aunt Agatha coming with another letter; I wonder if it is to say that I poisoned my grandmother, this time?" cried the young man; and they both laughed as if it was the best joke in the world. If ever there was a moment in which, when they were alone, Winnie did take a momentary thought of the seriousness of the position, her gravity soon dissipated itself. "I know you have been very naughty," she would say, clasping her pretty hands upon his arm; "but you will never, never do it again?" and the lover, thus appealed to, would make the tenderest and most eager assurances. What temptation could he ever have to be "naughty," with such an angel by his side? And Winnie was pleased enough to play the part of the angel — though that was not, perhaps, her most characteristic development — and went home full of happiness and security; despising the world which never had understood Edward, and thinking with triumph of the disappointed women less happy than herself, who, out of revenge, had no doubt got up this outcry against him. "For I don't mean to defend him out and out," she said, her eyes sparkling with malice and exultation; "I don't mean to say he has not behaved very badly to a great many people:" and there was a certain sweet self-glorification in the thought which intoxicated Winnie. It was wicked, but somehow she liked him better for having behaved badly to a great many people; and naturally any kind of reasoning was entirely ineffectual with a foolish girl who had taken such an idea into her mind.

Thus things went on; and Percival went away and returned again, and paid many flying visits, and, present and absent, absorbed all Winnie's thoughts. It was not only a first love, but it was a first occupation to the young woman, who had never felt, up to this time, that she had a sufficient sphere for her energies. Now she could look forward to being married, to receiving all the presents, and being busy about all the business of that important moment; and beyond lay life — life without any one to restrain her, without even the bondage of habit and the necessity of taking into consideration what people would think. Winnie said frankly that she would go with him anywhere, that she did not mind if it was India, or even the Cape of Good Hope; and her eyes sparkled to think of the everything new which would replace to her all the old bonds and limits: though, in one point of view, this was a cruel satisfaction, and very

wounding and injurious to some of the other people concerned.

"Oh, Winnie, my darling! and what am I to do without you?" Aunt Agatha would cry; and the girl would kiss her in her laughing way. "It must have come, sooner or later," she said; "you always said so yourself. I don't see why you should not get married too, Aunt Agatha; you are perfectly beautiful sometimes, and a great deal younger than — many people; or, at least, you will have Mary to be your husband," Winnie would add, with a laugh, and a touch of affectionate spite: for the two sisters, it must be allowed, were not to say fond of each other. Mary had been brought up differently, and was often annoyed, and sometimes shocked, by Winnie's ways: and Winnie — though at times she seemed disposed to make friends with her sister — could not help thinking of Mary as somehow at the bottom of all that had been said about Edward. This, indeed, was an idea which her lover and she shared; and Mary's life was not made pleasanter to her by the constant implication that he, too, could tell something about her — which she despised too much to take any notice of, but which yet was an offence and an insult. So that on the whole — even before the arrival of Mr. Penrose — the Cottage on Kirtell-side, though as bowery and fair as ever, was, in reality, an agitated and even an uncomfortable home.

#### CHAPTER XX.

MR. PENROSE was the uncle of Mary and Winnie, their mother's only brother. Mrs. Seton had come from Liverpool originally, and though herself very "nice," had not been, according to Aunt Agatha's opinion, "of a nice class." And her brother shared the evil conditions, without sharing the good. He was of his class, soul and body, and it was not a nice class — and, to tell the truth, his nieces had been brought up to ignore rather than to take any pleasure in him. He was not a man out of whom, under the best circumstances, much satisfaction could be got. He was one of the men who always turn up when something about money is going on in a house. He had had to do with all the wills and settlements in the family, though they were of a very limited description; but Mr. Penrose did not despise small things, and was of opinion, that even if you had only a hundred pounds, you ought to know all about it, and how to take care of it. And he had once been very

kind to Aunt Agatha, who was always defective in her arithmetic, and who, in earlier days, while she still thought of a possible change in her condition, had gone beyond the just limit of her income in her expenditure, and got into difficulties. Mr. Penrose had interfered at that period, and had been very kind, and set her straight, and had given her a very telling address upon the value of money: and though Miss Seton was not one of the people who take a favour as an injury, still she could have forgiven him a great many ill turns sooner than that good one. He had been very kind to her, and had ruffled all her soft plumes, and rushed up against her at all her tender points; and the very sound of his name was a lively irritant to Aunt Agatha. But he had to be acquainted with Winnie's engagement, and when he received the information, he lost no time in coming to see about it. He was a large, portly, well-to-do man, with one of his hands always in his pocket, and seemed, somehow, to breathe money, and to have no ideas which did not enter in it; and yet he had a good many ideas, and was a clever man in his way. With him, as with most people in the world, there was one thing needful, and that one thing was money. He thought it was a duty to possess something—a duty which a man owed absolutely, to himself, and to all who belonged to him—and if he did not acquit himself well on this point, he was, in Mr. Penrose's opinion, a very indifferent sort of person. There is something immoral to most people in the fact of being poor, but to Mr. Penrose it was a crime. He was very well off himself, but he was not a man to communicate of his goods as he did of his advice; but then he had himself a family, and could not be expected to give anything except advice to his nieces—and as for that one good thing it was at their command in the most liberal way. He came to the Cottage, which was so especially a lady's house, and pervaded the whole place with his large male person, diffusing through it that moral fragrance which still betrays the Englishman, the man of business, the Liverpool man, wherever he may happen to bless the earth. Perhaps in that sweet-smelling dainty place, the perfume which breathed from Mr. Penrose told more decidedly than in the common air. As soon as you went in at the garden-gate you became sensible that the atmosphere was changed, and that a Man was there. Perhaps it may be thought that the presence of a man in Aunt Agatha's maiden bower was not what might be called strictly

proper, and Miss Seton herself had doubts on the subject; but then, Mr. Penrose never asked for any invitation, and it would have been very difficult to turn him out; and then Mary was there, who at least was a married lady. He came without any invitation, and asked which was his room as if it had been his own house—and he complained of what he called "the smell" of the roses, and declared he would tear down all the sickly jasmine from the side of the house if it belonged to him. All this Miss Seton endured silently, feeling it her duty, for Winnie's sake, to keep all her connexions in good humour; but the poor lady suffered terribly under the process, as every body could see.

"I hope it is only a conditional sort of engagement," Mr. Penrose said, after he had made himself comfortable, and had had a good dinner, and came into the drawing-room the first evening. The lovers had seized the opportunity to escape to Kirtell-side, and Mary was with her boys in the garden, and poor Aunt Agatha, a martyr of civility, was seated alone, awaiting the re-appearance of her guest, and smiling upon him with anxious politeness. He threw himself into the largest and most solid chair he could find, and spread himself as it seemed all over the room—a Man, coarse and undignified in that soft feminine paradise. Poor Sir Edward's graceful presence, and the elegant figure of Captain Percival made no such impression. "I hope you have not settled it all without consulting anybody. To be sure, that don't matter very much; but I know you ladies have a summary way of settling such affairs."

"Indeed, I—I am afraid—I—I hope—it is all settled," said Aunt Agatha, with tremulous dignity. "It is not as if there was a great deal of money to settle. They are not—not rich, you know," she added, nervously. This was the chief thing to tell, and she was anxious to get it over at once.

"Not rich?" said Mr. Penrose. "No, I suppose not. A rich fellow would not have been such a fool as to entangle himself with Winnie, who has only her pretty face; but he has something, of course. The first thing to ascertain is, what they will have to live on, and what he can settle upon her. I suppose you have not let it go so far without having a kind of idea on these points?"

"Oh, yes," said Aunt Agatha, with a very poor pretence at composure; "oh, yes, Mr. Penrose, that is all quite right. He has very nice expectations. I have always heard that Mrs. Percival had a charming

little property ; and Sir Edward is his god-father, and very fond of him. You will see it will come all right about that."

"Yes," said Mr. Penrose, who was nursing one of his legs — a colossal member, nearly as big as his hostess — in a meditative way, "I hope it will when I come to look into it. But we must have something more than expectations. What has he of his own? — and what do his mother and Sir Edward mean to do for him? We must have it in pounds, shillings, and pence, or he shan't have Winnie. It is best that he should make up his mind about that."

Aunt Agatha drew a frightened, panting breath ; but she did not say anything. She had known what she would have to brave, and she was aware that Winnie would not brave it, and that to prevent a breach with her darling's only rich relation it was necessary and expedient as long as she was alone to have it all out.

"Let me see," said Mr. Penrose, "you told me what he was in your letter — Captain, ain't he? As for his pay, that don't count. Let us go systematically to work if we are to do any good. I know ladies are very vague about business matters, but still you must know something. What sort of a fellow is he, and what has he got of his own?"

"Oh, he is very nice," cried Aunt Agatha, consoled to find a question she could answer; "very, very nice. I do think you will like him very much ; such a fine young fellow, and with what you gentlemen call no nonsense about him," said the anxious woman ; "and with excellent connexions," she added, faltering again, for her enthusiasm awoke no answer in Mr. Penrose's face.

"My dear Miss Agatha," he said, in his offensive way — and he always called her Miss Agatha, which was very trying to her feelings — "you need not take the trouble to assure me that a handsome young fellow who pays her a little attention is always very nice to a lady. I was not asking whether he was nice, I was asking what were his means — which is a very much more important part of the subject, though you may not think so," Mr. Penrose added. "A charming little house like this, for instance, where you have everything within yourself, and can live on honey and dew I suppose, may be kept on nothing perhaps — though you and I, to be sure, know a little different" —

"Mr. Penrose," said Aunt Agatha, trembling with indignation, "if you mean that the dinner was not particular enough" —

"It was a charming little dinner," said

Mr. Penrose, "just what it ought to have been. Nothing could have been nicer than that white soup ; and I think I am a judge. I was speaking of something to live on ; a pretty house like this, I was saying, is not an analogous case. You have everything within yourself, you know — eggs, and vegetables, and fruit, and your butter and milk so cheap. I wish we could get it like that in Liverpool ; and — pardon me — no increase of family likely, you know."

"My niece Mary and her three children have come to the cottage since you were last here, Mr. Penrose," said Aunt Agatha, with a blush of shame and displeasure. "It was the only house of all her relations that she could come to with any comfort, poor dear — perhaps you don't call that an increase of family ; and as for the milk and butter" —

"She must pay you board," said Mr. Penrose, decisively ; "there can be no question about that ; your little money has not always been enough for yourself, as we both know. But all this is merely an illustration I was giving. It has nothing to do with the main subject. If these young people marry, my dear Miss Agatha, their family may be increased by inmates who will pay no board."

This was what he had the assurance to say to an unmarried lady in her own house — and to laugh and chuckle at it afterwards as if he thought it a capital joke. Aunt Agatha was struck dumb with horror and indignation. Such eventualities might indeed, perhaps must, be discussed by the lawyers where there were settlements to make ; but to talk of them to a maiden lady when alone, was enough to make her drop through the very floor with consternation. She made no attempt to answer, but she did succeed in keeping her seat and to a certain extent her self-possession, for Winnie's sake.

"It is a different sort of thing altogether," said the family adviser. "Things may be kept square in a quiet lady's house — though even that is not always the case, as we are both aware ; but two young married people who are just as likely as not to be extravagant and all that — If he has not something to settle on her, I don't see how I can have anything to do with it," Mr. Penrose continued, "and you will not answer me as to what he has of his own."

"He has his — his pay," said poor Aunt Agatha. "I am told it is a great deal better than it used to be ; and he has, I think, some — some money in the Funds. I am sure he will be glad to settle that on Win-

nie ; and then his mother, and Sir Edward. I have no doubt myself, though really they are too young to marry, that they will do very well on the whole."

" Do you know what living means, Miss Agatha ? " asked Mr. Penrose, solemnly, " when you can speak in this loose way ? Butchers' bills are not so vague as your statements, I can tell you ; and a pretty girl like that ought to do very well, even though she has no money. It is not *her* fault, poor thing," the rich uncle added, with momentary compassion ; and then he asked, abruptly, " What will Sir Edward do for them ? " as if he had presented a pistol at his companion's head.

" Oh, Mr. Penrose ! " cried Aunt Agatha, forgetting all her policy and what she had just said. " Surely, surely you would not like them to calculate upon Sir Edward ! He is not even a relation. He is only Edward's godfather. I would not have him applied to, not for the world."

" Then what have you been talking to me all this while about ? " cried Mr. Penrose, with a look and sense of outraged virtue. And Aunt Agatha, seeing how she had betrayed her own position, and weary of the contest, and driven to her wits' end, gave way and cried a little — which at that moment, vexed, worried, and mortified as she was, was all she could do.

And then Mr. Penrose got up and walked away, whistling audibly, through the open window into the garden, leaving the chintz cover on his chair so crumpled up and loosened out of all its corners, that you could have told a mile off that a man had been there. What he left behind him was not that subtle agreeable suggestion of his presence which hung around the footsteps of young Percival, or even of Sir Edward, but something that felt half like an insult to the feminine inhabitants — a disagreeable assertion of another kind of creature who thought himself superior to them — which was an opinion which they did not in the least share, having no illusions so far as he went. Aunt Agatha sank back into her chair with a sense of relief which she afterwards felt she ought not to have entertained. She had no right to such a feeling, for she had done no good ; and instead of diverting the common enemy from an attack upon Winnie or her lover, had actually roused and whetted him, and made him more likely than ever to rush at those young victims as soon as ever he should have the chance. But notwithstanding, for the moment to be rid of him and able to draw breath a little, and dry her incipient

tears, and put the cover straight upon that ill-used chair, did her good. She drew a long breath, poor soul, and felt the ease and comfort of being left to herself : even though next moment she might have to brace herself up and collect all her faculties, and face the adversary again.

But in the meantime he had gone out to the garden, and was standing by Mary's side, with his hand in his pocket. He was telling Mary that he had come out in despair to her, to see if she knew anything about this sad business — since he found her Aunt Agatha quite as great a fool about business matters as she always was. He wanted to know if she, who knew what was what, could give him any sort of a reasonable idea about this young fellow whom Winnie wanted to marry — which was as difficult a question for Mrs. Ochterlony as it had been for Miss Seton. And then in the midst of the conversation the two culprits themselves appeared, as careless about the inquiring uncle as they were about the subject of his anxiety. Winnie, who was not given to the reticences practised by her aunt and her sister, had taken care to convey a very clear idea of her uncle Penrose, and her own opinion of him, to the mind of Percival. He was from Liverpool, and not " of a nice class." He was not Winnie's guardian, nor had he any legal control over her ; and in these circumstances it did not seem by any means necessary to either of the young people to show any undue attention to his desires, or be disturbed by his interference ; for neither of them had been brought up to be dutiful to all the claims of nature, like their seniors. " Go away directly, that he may not have any chance of attacking you," Winnie had said to her lover ; for though she was not self-denying or unselfish to speak of, she could be so where Percival was concerned. " We can manage him among us," she added, with a laugh — for she had no doubt of the co-operation of both her aunt and sister, in the case of Uncle Penrose. And in obedience to this arrangement Captain Percival did nothing but take off his hat in honour of Mary, and say half a dozen words of the most ordinary salutation to the stranger before he went away. And then Winnie came in, and came to her sister's side, and stood facing Mr. Penrose in all the triumph and glory of her youth. She was beautiful, or would be beautiful, everybody had long allowed ; but she had still retained a certain girlish meagreness up to a very recent date. Now all that had changed, like everything else ; she had expanded, it

appeared, as her heart expanded and was satisfied — everything about her looked rounder, fuller, and more magnificent. She came and stood before the Liverpool uncle, who was a man of business and thinking of no such vanities, and struck him dumb with her splendour. He could talk as he liked to Aunt Agatha, or even to Mary in her widow's cap, but this radiant creature, all glowing with love and happiness, took away his breath. Perhaps it was then, for the first time in his life, that Mr. Penrose actually realised that there was something in the world for which a man might even get to be indifferent about the balance at his banker's. He gave an involuntary gasp; and though up to this moment he had thought of Winnie only as a child, he now drew back before her, and stopped whistling, and took his hand out of his pocket, which perhaps was as decided an act of homage as it was in him to pay.

But of course such a manifestation could not last. After another moment he gave a "hump" as he looked at her, and then his self-possession came back. "So that was your Captain, I suppose?" he said.

"Yes, uncle, that was my Captain," said the dauntless Winnie, "and I hope you approve of him; though it does not matter if you don't, for you know it is all settled, and nobody except my aunt and his mother has any right to say a word."

"If his mother is as wise a judge as your aunt" — said Mr. Penrose; but yet all the same Winnie's boldness imposed upon him a little. It was impossible to imagine that a grand creature like this, who was not pale nor sentimental, nor of Agatha Seton's kind, could contemplate with such satisfaction any Captain who had asked her to marry him upon nothing a year.

"That is all very fine," Mr. Penrose added, taking courage; "you can make your choice as you please, but it is my business to look after the money. If you and your children come to me starving, twenty years hence, and ask how I could possibly let you marry such a —"

"Do you think you will be living in twenty years, Uncle Penrose?" said Winnie. "I know you are a great deal older than Aunt Agatha; — but if you are, we will not come, I promise you. We shall keep our starvation to ourselves."

"I can't tell how old your Aunt Agatha is," said Mr. Penrose, with natural offence; "and you must know, Miss Winnie, that this is not how you should talk to me."

"Very well, uncle," said the daring girl; "but neither is your way the way to talk to

me. You know I have made up my mind, and that everything is settled, and that it does not matter the least to me if Edward was a beggar; and you come here with your money, as if that was the only thing to be thought of. What do I care about money? — and you might try till the end of the world, and you never would break it off," she cried, flashing into a brilliant glow of passion and vehemence such as Mr. Penrose did not understand. He had expected to have a great deal of difficulty, but he had never expected to be defied after this fashion; and the wildness of her womanish folly made the good man sad.

"You silly girl!" he said, with profound pathos, "if you only knew what nonsense you were speaking. There is nobody in this world but cares about money; you can do nothing without it, and marry least of all. And you speak to me with such an example before your eyes: look at your sister Mary, how she has come with all those helpless children, to be, most likely, a burden on her friends" —

"Uncle Penrose!" cried Winnie, putting up her two beautiful hands to stop his mouth; but Mr. Penrose was as plain-spoken as Winnie herself was, though in a different way.

"I know perfectly well she can hear me," he said, "and she ought to hear me, and to read you a lesson. If Mary had been a sensible girl, and had married a man who could make proper settlements upon her, and make a provision for his family, do you think she would have required to come here to seek a shelter — do you think" —

"Oh Mary, he is crazy; don't mind him!" cried Winnie, forgetting for the moment all about her own affairs, and clinging to her sister in real distress.

And then it was Mrs. Ochterlony's turn to speak.

"I did not come to seek a shelter," she said; "though I know they would have given it me all the same. I came to seek love and kindness, uncle, which you cannot buy with money; and if there was nothing more than want of money between Winnie and Captain Percival" —

"Mary!" cried Winnie, impetuously, "go in as long as I am sorry for you, and mad to hear you insulted: for you have been insulted, and none of us will permit it. But, go in — go in before you begin to tell tales, and I forget you are my sister. You have done harm enough already. Leave me to have it out with Uncle Penrose, and go away."

And somehow Mary obeyed. She would

not have done it a month ago; but she was wearied of contention, and broken in spirit, and, instead of standing still and defending herself, she withdrew from the two belligerents, who were both so ready to turn their arms against her, and went away. She went to the nursery, which was deserted: for her boys were still outside in the lingering daylight. None of them were able to advise, or even to sympathise with their mother. They could give her their childish love, but nothing else in the world. The others had all some one to consult, some one to refer to, but Mary was alone. Her heart beat dull and low, with no vehement offence at the bitter words she had just heard, but with a heavy despondency and sense of her solitude, which her very attitude showed—for she did not sit down, or lie down, or try to find any fictitious support, but stood up by the vacant fire-place with her eyes fixed upon nothing, holding unconsciously the little chain which secured her watch, and letting its beads drop one by one from her fingers. "You have done harm enough already," said Winnie. "Mary has come home to be a burden on her friends," said Uncle Penrose. She did not resent it wildly, as she might have done some time before, but pondered it with wondering pain and a dull sense of hopelessness. How did it happen that she, of all women, had come to such a position? what correspondence was there between that and all her past? and what was the future to be? which, even now, she could make no spasmodic changes in, but must to some extent accept—for the moment at least. This was how Mary's mind was employed while Winnie, reckless and wilful, defied Uncle Penrose in the garden. For the time, the power of defying any one seemed to have died out of Mary's breast. All she could do was to think and wonder, with a dull aching, what was to come of it all, as she stood by the fireless hearth.

## CHAPTER XXI.

MR. PENROSE, however, was not a man of very lively feelings, and bore no malice against Winnie for her defiance, nor even against Mary, to whom he had been so cruel, which was more difficult. He was up again cheerful and full of energy in the morning, ready for his mission. If Winnie began the world without something to live upon, or with any prospect of ever being a burden on her friends, at all events it would not be his fault. As it happened, Aunt

Agatha received at the breakfast-table the usual invariable letter containing a solemn warning against Captain Percival, and she was affected by it, as she could not help always being affected; and the evident commotion it excited in the party was such that Mr. Penrose could not but notice it. When he insisted upon knowing what it was, he was met by what was, in reality, very skilful fencing on Miss Seton's part, who was not destitute altogether of female skill and art; but Aunt Agatha's defence was made useless by the impetuosity of Winnie, who scorned disguise.

"Oh, let us hear it, please," she said, "let us hear. We know what it is about. It is some new story—some lie, about my poor Edward. They may save themselves the trouble. I would not believe one of them, if it was written on the wall like Belshazzar's feast; and if I did believe them I would not care," said Winnie, vehemently; and she looked across, as she never could help looking, to where her sister sat.

"What is it?" said Mr. Penrose; "something about your Captain? Miss Agatha, considering my interest in the matter, I hope you will let me hear all that is said."

"It is nothing, absolutely nothing," said Aunt Agatha, faltering. "It is only some foolish gossip, you know—garrison stories, and that sort of thing. He was a very young man, and was launched upon life by himself—and—and I think I may say he must have been imprudent. Winnie, my dear love, my heart bleeds to say it, but he must have been imprudent. He must have entangled himself and—and—And then there are always so many designing people about to lead poor young men astray," said Aunt Agatha, trembling for the result of her explanation: while Winnie divided her attention between Mr. Penrose, before whom this new view of the subject was unfolded for the first time, and Mary, from whom she had taught herself to suppose it all had come.

"Wild, I suppose?" said Mr. Penrose, with sublime calm. "They're all alike, for that matter. So long as he doesn't bet or gamble—that's how those confounded young fellows ruin themselves." And then he dismissed the subject with a wave of his hand. "I am going up to the Hall to talk it all over with Sir Edward, and see what can be done. This sort of penniless nonsense makes me sick," the rich man added; "and you women are the most unreasonable creatures—one might as well talk to a stone wall."

Thus it was that for once in their lives

the two Miss Setons, Agatha and Winnie, found Uncle Penrose for the moment half divine; they looked at him with wide-open eyes, with a wondering veneration. They were only women after all, and had been giving themselves a great deal of trouble about Captain Percival's previous history; but it all sank into mere contemptible gossip under the calm glance of Mr. Penrose. He was not enthusiastic about Edward, and therefore his impartial calm was all the more satisfying. He thought nothing of it all, though it had been driving them distracted. When he went away on his mission to the Hall, Winnie, in her enthusiasm, ran into Aunt Agatha's arms.

"You see he does not mind," said Winnie, — though an hour before she had been far from thinking Mr. Penrose an authority. "He thinks it is all gossip and spite, as I always said."

And Aunt Agatha for her part was quite overcome by the sudden relief. It felt like a deliverance, though it was only Mr. Penrose's opinion. "My dear love, men know the world," she said; "that is the advantage of having somebody to talk to; and I always said that your uncle, though he is sometimes disagreeable, had a great deal of sense. You see he knows the world."

"Yes, I suppose he must have sense," said Winnie; and in the comfort of her heart she was ready to attribute all good gifts to Mr. Penrose, and could have kissed him as he walked past the window with his hand in his pocket. She would not have forsaken her Edward whatever had been found out about him, but still to see that his wickednesses (if he had been wicked) were of no consequence in the eyes of a respectable man like Uncle Penrose, was such a consolation even to Winnie as nothing can express. "We are all a set of women, and we have been making a mountain out of a molehill," she said, and the tears came to her bright eyes; and then, as Mary was not moved into any such demonstrations of delight, Winnie turned her arms upon her sister in pure gaiety of heart.

"Everybody gets talked about," she said. "Edward was telling me about Mary even — that she used to be called Madonna Mary at the station; and that there was some poor gentleman that died. I suppose he thought she ought to be worshipped like Our Lady. Didn't you feel dreadfully guilty and wretched, Mary, when he died?"

"Poor boy," said Mrs. Ochterlony, who had recovered her courage a little with the morning light. "It had nothing to do with Our Lady as you say; it was only because

he had been brought up in Italy, poor fellow, and was fond of the old Italian poets, and the soft Italian words."

"Then perhaps it was Madonna Laura he was thinking of," said Winnie, with gay malice, "and you must have felt a dreadful wretch when he died."

"We felt very sad when he died," said Mary, — "he was only twenty, poor boy: but, Winnie dear, Uncle Penrose is not an angel, and I think now I will say my say. Captain Percival is very fond of you, and you are very fond of him, and I think, whatever the past may have been, that there is hope if you will be a little serious. It is of consequence. Don't you think that I wish all that is best in the world for you, my only little sister? And why should you distrust me? You are not silly nor weak, and I think you might do well yet, very well, my dear, if you were really to try."

"I think we shall do very well without trying," said Winnie, partly touched and partly indignant; "but it is something for you to say, Mary, and I am sure I am much obliged to you for your good advice all the same."

"Winnie," said Mrs. Ochterlony, taking her hands, "I know the world better than you do — perhaps even better than Uncle Penrose so far as a woman is concerned — I don't care if you are rich or poor, but I want you to be happy. It will not do very well without trying. I will not say a word about him, for you have set your heart on him, and that must be enough. And some women can do everything for the people they love. I think, perhaps you could, if you were to give your heart to it, and try."

It was not the kind of address Winnie had expected, and she struggled against it, trying hard to resist the involuntary softening. But after all nature was yet in her, and she could not but feel that what Mary was saying came from her heart.

"I don't see why you should be so serious," she said; "but I am sure it is kind of you, Mary. I — I don't know if I could do — what you say; but whatever I can do I will for Edward!" she added hastily, with a warmth and eagerness which brought the colour to her cheek and the light to her eye; and then the two sisters kissed each other as they had never done before, and Winnie knelt down by Mary's knee, and the two held each other's hands, and clung together as it was natural they should, in that confidence of nature which is closer than any other except that between mother and daughter — the fellow-feeling of sisters,

destined to the same experience, one of whom has gone far in advance, and turning back, can trace, step by step, in her own memory, the path the other has to go.

"Don't mistrust me, Winnie," said Mrs. Ochterlony. "I have had little to bear, though I have been very happy, and I could tell you many things—though I will not, just now; but, Winnie dear, what I want is, that you should make up your mind to it; not to have everything you like, and live in a fairy tale, but to keep right and to keep *him* right. If you will promise to think of this, and to take it bravely upon you, I will still hope that all may be well."

Her look was so serious that for the first time Winnie's heart misgave her. Neither jealousy, nor ill-temper, nor fear of evil report on her own side could have looked out of Mary's eyes at her little sister with such a wistful longing gaze. Winnie was moved and troubled in spite of herself, and thrilled by the first pang of uncertainty that had yet touched her. If Mary had no motive but natural affection, was it then really a hideous gulf of horrible destruction, on the verge of which she was herself tripping so lightly? Something indefinable came over Winnie's face as that thought moved her. Should it be so, what then? If it was to save him, if it was to perish with him, what did it matter? the one only place in the world for her was by his side. She had made her choice, and there was no other choice for her, no alternative even should she see the gulf as Curtius did, and leap conscious into it in the eye of day. All this passed through her mind in a moment, as she knelt by Mary's side holding her hands—and came out so on her face that Mary could read something like it in the sudden changing of the fair features and expansion of the eyes. It was as if the soul had been startled, and sprang up to those fair windows, to look out upon the approaching danger, making the spectator careless of their beauty, out of regard to the nobler thing that used them for the moment. Then Winnie rose up suddenly, and gave her sister a hearty kiss, and threw off her sudden gravity as if it had been a cloud.

"Enough of that," she said; "I will try and be good, and so I think will—we all. And Mary, don't look so serious. I mean to be happy, at least as long as I can," cried Winnie. She was the same Winnie again—gay, bold, and careless, before five minutes had passed; and Mary had said her say, and there was now no more to add. Nothing could change the destiny which the

thoughtless young creature had laid out for herself. If she could have foreseen the distinctest wretchedness it would have been all the same. She was ready to take the plunge even into the gulf—and nothing that could be said or done could change it now.

In the meantime, Mr. Penrose had gone up to the Hall to talk it over with Sir Edward, and was explaining his views with a distinctness which was not much more agreeable in the Hall than it had been in the Cottage. "I cannot let it go on unless some provision can be made," he said. "Winnie is very handsome, and you must all see she might have done a great deal better. If I had her over in Liverpool, as I have several times thought of doing, I warrant you the settlements would have been of a different description. She might have married anybody, such a girl as that," continued Mr. Penrose, in a regretful business way. It was so much capital lost that might have brought in a much greater profit; and though he had no personal interest in it, it vexed him to see people throwing their chances away.

"That may be, but it is Edward Percival she chooses to marry, and nobody else," said Sir Edward, testily; "and she is not a girl to do, as you seem to think, exactly as she is told."

"We should have seen about that," said Mr. Penrose; "but in the meantime, he has his pay and she has a hundred a year. If Mrs. Percival will settle three hundred on him, and you, perhaps, two"—

"I, two!" cried Sir Edward, with sudden terror; "why should I settle two?" You might as well tell me to retire from the Hall, and leave them my house. And pray, Mr. Penrose, when you are so liberal to other people, what do you mean to give yourself?"

"I am a family man," said Uncle Penrose, taking his other hand out of his pocket, "and what I can give must be, in justice to my family, very limited. But Mrs. Percival, who has only four sons, and yourself who have none, are in very different circumstances. If he had had a father, the business matter might have been entered into more satisfactorily—but as you are his godfather, I hear"—

"I never understood before, up to this minute," said Sir Edward, with great courtesy, "that it was the duty of a godfather to endow his charge with two hundred a year."

"I beg your pardon, Sir Edward," said Mr. Penrose; "I am a plain man, and I treat things in a business way. I give my

godchildren a silver mug, and feel my conscience clear: but if I had introduced a young man, not otherwise very eligible, to a handsome girl, who might have done a great deal better for herself, that would make a great difference in the responsibility. Winnie Seton is of very good family by her father's side, as you know, I suppose, better than I do; and of very good business connections by her mother's; and her beauty is first-rate, — I don't think there can be any doubt about that. If she had been an ordinary pretty girl, I would not have said so much; but with all her advantages, I should say that any fair equivalent in the shape of a husband should be worth at least five thousand a year."

Mr. Penrose spoke with such seriousness that Sir Edward was awed out of his first feeling of amusement. He restrained his smile, and acknowledged the logic. "But I did not introduce him in any special way," he said. "If I can negotiate with Mrs. Percival for a more liberal allowance, I will do it. She has an estate of her own, and she is free to leave it to any of her sons: but Edward, I fear, has been rather unsatisfactory"—

"Ah, wild?" said Mr. Penrose; "all young men are alike for that. I think, on the whole, that it is you who should negotiate with the mother. You know her better than I do, and have known all about it from the beginning, and you could show her the state of the case better. If such a mad thing could be consented to by anybody in their senses, it must at least be apparent that Winnie would bring twice as much as the other into the common stock. If she were with me in Liverpool she would not long be Winnie Seton; and you may trust me she should marry a man who was worthy of her," the rich uncle added, with a confirmatory nod of his head. When he spoke of a man who should be worthy of Winnie, he meant no sentimental fitness such as Aunt Agatha would have meant, had she said these words, nor was it even moral worth he was thinking of. What Mr. Penrose meant, was a man who would bring a fair equivalent in silver and gold to Winnie's beauty and youth, and he meant it most seriously, and could not but groan when he contemplated the possibility of so much valuable capital being thrown away.

And he felt that he had made a good impression when he went back to the Cottage. He seemed to himself to have secured Mrs. Percival's three hundred, and even Sir Edward's more problematical gift to the young people; and he occupied the interval in

thinking of a silver tea-service which had rather caught his fancy, in a shop window, and which he thought, if his negotiations succeeded, he would give to his niece for a wedding present. If they did not succeed it would be a different question — for a young woman who married upon a captain's pay and a hundred a-year of her own, would have little occasion for a silver tea-service. So Mr. Penrose mused as he returned to the cottage. Under the best of circumstances it was now evident that there could be nothing to "settle" upon Winnie. The mother and the friends might make up a little income, but as for capital — which after all was what Mr. Penrose prized most — there was none in the whole matter, except that which Winnie had in her face and person, and was going to throw so lamentably away. Mr. Penrose could not but make some reflections on Aunt Agatha's feminine idiocy and the cruel heedlessness of Sir Edward, as he walked along the rural road. A girl who had so many advantages, whose husband, to be worthy of her, should have had five thousand a-year at the least, and something handsome to "settle" — and yet her natural guardians had suffered her to get engaged to a captain in a marching regiment, with only his pay! No wonder that Mr. Penrose was sad. But he went home with a sense that, painful as the position was, he had done his duty, at least.

This was how Winnie's marriage got itself accomplished notwithstanding all opposition. Captain Percival was the second of his mother's four sons, and consequently the natural heir of her fortune if he had not been "foolish," as she said; and the thought that it might be the saving of him, which was suggested by Sir Edward, was naturally a very moving argument. A beautiful young wife whom he was very fond of, and who was ready to enter with him into all the risks of life, — if that did not keep him right, what would? And after all he was only five-and-twenty, an age at which reformation was quite possible. So his friends thought, persuading themselves with natural sophistry that the influence of love and a self-willed girl of eighteen would do what all other inducements had failed to do; and as for her friends, they were so elated to see that in the eyes of Uncle Penrose the young man's faults bore only the most ordinary aspect, and counted for next to nothing, that their misgivings all but disappeared, and their acceptance of the risk was almost enthusiastic. Sometimes indeed a momentary shadow would cross the mind of Aunt Agatha — sometimes a doubt would

change Sir Edward's countenance — but then these two old people were believers in love, and besides had the faculty of believing what they wished to believe, which was a still more important circumstance. And Mary for her part had said her say. The momentary hope she had felt in Winnie's strength of character, and in her love — a hope which had opened her heart to speak to her sister — found but little to support it after that moment. She could not go on protesting, and making her presence a thorn in the flesh of the excited household; and if she felt throughout all a sense that the gulf was still there, though all these flowers had been strewed over it — a sense of the terrible risk which was so poorly counterbalanced by the vaguest and most doubtful of hopes — still Mary was aware that this might be simply the fault of her position, which led her to look upon everything with a less hopeful eye. She was the spectator, and she saw what was going on as the actors themselves could not be expected to see it. She saw Winnie's delight at the idea of freedom from all restraint — and she saw Percival's suppressed impatience of the anxious counsels addressed to him, and the look which Winnie and he exchanged on such occasions, as if assuring each other that in spite of all this they would take their own way. And then Mrs. Ochterlony's own relations with the bridegroom were not of a comfortable kind. He knew apparently by instinct that she was not his friend, and he approached her with a solemn politeness under which Mary, perhaps over-sensitive on that point, felt that a secret sneer was concealed. And he made references to her Indian experiences, with a certain subtle implication of something in them which he knew and nobody else did — something which would be to Mrs. Ochterlony's injury should it be known — which awoke in Mary an irritation and exasperation which nothing else could have produced. She avoided him as much as it was possible to avoid him during the busy interval before the marriage, and he perceived it and thought it was fear, and the sneer that lay under his courtesy became more and more evident. He took to petting little Wilfrid with an evident consciousness of Mary's vexation and the painful effect it produced upon her; not Hugh nor Islay, who were of an age to be a man's plaything, but the baby, who was too young for any but a woman's interest; and Captain Percival was not the kind of man who is naturally fond of children. When she saw her little boy on her future brother-in-law's knee,

Mary felt her heart contract with an involuntary shiver, of which she could have given no clear explanation. She did not know what she was afraid of, but she was afraid.

Perhaps it was a relief to them all when the marriage day arrived — which had to be shortly, for the regiment was ordered to Malta, and Captain Percival had already had all the leave he could ask for. Mr. Penrose's exertions had been crowned with such success that when he came to Winnie's wedding he brought her the silver tea-service which in his heart he had decided conditionally to give her as a marriage gift. Mrs. Percival had decided to settle two hundred and fifty pounds a-year upon her son, which was very near Mr. Penrose's mark; and Sir Edward, after long pondering upon the subject, and a half-amused, half-serious consideration of Winnie's capital which was being thrown away, had made up his mind to a still greater effort. He gave the young man in present possession what he had left him in his will, which was a sum of five thousand pounds — a little fortune to the young soldier. "You might have been my son, my boy, if your mother and I could have made up our minds," the old baronet said, with a momentary weakness; though if anybody else had suggested such an idea no doubt Sir Edward would have said, "Heaven forbid!" And Mr. Penrose pounced upon it and had it settled upon Winnie, and was happy, though the bridegroom resisted a little. After that there could be no doubt about the tea-service. "If you should ever be placed in Mary's position, you will have something to fall back upon," Uncle Penrose said; "or even if you should not get on together, you know." It was not a large sum, but the difficulty there had been about getting it, and the pleasant sense that it was wholly owing to his own exertions, made it sweet to the man of capital, and he gave his niece his blessing and the tea-service with a full heart.

As for Winnie, she was radiant in her glow of beauty and happiness on that momentous day. A thunder-shower of sudden tears when she signed the register, and another when she was taking leave of Aunt Agatha, was all that occurred to overcloud her brightness; and even these did not overcloud her, but were in harmony — hot, violent, and sudden as they were — with the passionate happiness and emancipation of the married girl. She kissed over and over again her tender guardian — who for her part sat speechless and desolate to see

her child go away, weeping with a silent anguish which could not find any words—and dropped that sudden shower over Aunt Agatha's gown; but a moment after threw back the veil which had fallen over her face, and looked back from the carriage window upon them in a flush of joy, and pride, and conscious freedom, which, had no other sentiments been called for at the moment, it would have done one's heart good to see. She was so happy that she could not cry, nor be sentimental, nor think of broken links, as she said—and why should she pretend to be sad about parting? Which was very true, no doubt, from Win-

nie's point of view. And there was not the vestige of a cloud about her when she waved her hand to them for the last time as she drove away. She was going away to the world and life, to see everything and enjoy everything, and have her day. Why should not she show her delight? While poor old Aunt Agatha, whose day was so long over, fell back into Mary's arms, who was standing beside her, and felt that now at last and finally, her heart was broken, and the joy of her life gone. Was it not simply the course of nature and the way of the world?

#### COME AGAIN.

SUMMER, come again to earth,  
Let me see thy sunny bloom;  
Let the crimson rose have birth,  
Winter chills me with its gloom.  
Show thy beauty on the wold,  
Virgin spring will quickly wane;  
Give the flowers their hues of gold,  
Let thy sunshine flood the lane.

Wake again the humming bee,  
Toiling 'mong the honeyed flowers;  
In my dreams I hear and see  
Once again thy murmuring showers.  
Let me see thee gild the hill,  
Warmly in the valley glow;  
Watch thy sparkles on the rill,  
Where the red, red roses blow!

Whisper round the cowslip's bells,  
Let their odours round me swim;  
As I view from leafy dells,  
Cloudlets shade the sun's white rim.

Perfumed chestnut blossoms bring,  
Dewy morns and skies of blue,  
When with birds the woodlands ring :  
Vernal heavens of sun and dew !

Come again, dear summer soon,  
Show once more thy green, green leaves ;  
Send the purple-hearted June,  
With its flushed and mellow eves !  
Earth in thy warm kisses shines,  
Quaff thy cool delicious showers ;  
For thy gentle coming pines,  
At thy touch she laughs in flowers !

Like a lover, unto thee  
I am looking day by day,  
Waiting once again to see,  
Blossom-dowered, laughing May.  
Sunny queen of balmy hours,  
Give again the flowers their hue ;  
Pearl them with thy glittering showers,  
And with coronets of dew !

— *Lyrical Fancies.*

From The Cornhill Magazine.

## THE SLEEPING BEAUTY IN THE WOOD.

A KIND enchantress one day put into my hand a mystic volume prettily lettered and bound in green, saying, "I am so fond of this book. It has all the dear old fairy tales in it; one never tires of them. Do take it."

I carried the little book away with me, and spent a very pleasant quiet evening at home by the fire, with H. at the opposite corner, and other old friends, whom I felt I had somewhat neglected of late. Jack and the Beanstalk, Puss in Boots, the gallant and quixotic Giant-killer, and dearest Cinderella, whom we every one of us must have loved, I should think ever since we first knew her in her little brown pinafore: I wondered, as I shut them all up for the night between their green boards, what it was that made these stories so fresh and so vivid. Why did not they fall to pieces, vanish, explode, disappear, like so many of their contemporaries and descendants? And yet far from being forgotten and passing away, it would seem as if each generation in turn as it came into the world looks to be delighted still by the brilliant pageant, and never tires or wearies of it. And on their side the princes and princesses never seem to grow any older; the castles and the lovely gardens flourish without need of repair or whitewash, or plumbers or glaziers. The princesses' gowns too—sun, moon, and star-colour—do not wear out or pass out of fashion or require altering. Even the seven-leagued boots do not appear to be the worse for wear. Numbers of realistic stories for children have passed away. Little Henry and his Bearer, Poor Harry and Lucy, have very nearly given up their little artless ghosts and prattle, and ceased making their own beds for the instruction of less excellently brought-up little boys and girls, and notwithstanding a very interesting article in the *Saturday Review*, it must be owned that Harry Sandford and Tommy Merton are not familiar playfellows in our nurseries and schoolrooms, and have passed somewhat out of date. But not so all these centenarians—Prince Riquet, Carabas, Little Red Riding-hood, Bluebeard and others. They seem as if they would never grow old. They play with the children, they amuse the elders, there seems no end to their fund of spirits and perennial youth.

H., to whom I made this remark, said from the opposite chimney-corner, "No wonder; the stories are only histories of real living persons turned into fairy princess

and princesses. Fairy stories are everywhere and everyday. We are all princes and princesses in disguise, or ogres or wicked dwarfs. All these histories are the histories of human nature, which does not seem to change very much in a thousand years or so, and we don't get tired of the fairies because they are so true to it."

After this little speech of H.'s, we spent an unprofitable half-hour reviewing our acquaintance, and classing them under their real characters and qualities. We had dined with Lord Carabas only the day before and met Puss in Boots—Beauty and the Beast were also there; we uncharitably counted up, I am ashamed to say, no less than six Bluebeards. Jack and the Beanstalk we had met just starting on his climb. A Red Riding-hood; a girl with toads dropping from her mouth: we knew three or four of each. Cinderellas—alas! who does not know more than one dear, poor, pretty Cinderella; and, as for sleeping Princesses in the woods, how many one can reckon up! Young, old, ugly, pretty, awakening, sleeping still.

"Do you remember Cecilia Lulworth," said H., "and Dorlicote? Poor Cecilia!" Some lives are *couleur de rose*, people say; others seem to be, if not *couleur de rose* all through, yet full of bright, beautiful tints, blues, pinks, little bits of harmonious cheerfulness. Other lives, if not so brilliant, and seeming more or less grey at times, are very sweet and gentle in tone, with faint gleams of gold or lilac to brighten them. And then again others, alas! are black and hopeless from the beginning. Besides these, there are some which have always appeared to me as if they were of a dark, dull hue; a dingy, heavy brown, which no happiness, or interest, or bright colour could ever enliven. Blues turn sickly, roses seem faded, and yellow lilacs look red and ugly upon these heavy backgrounds. Poor Cecilia, as H. called her,—hers had always seemed to me one of these latter existences, unutterably dull, commonplace, respectable, stinted, ugly, and useless.

Lulworth Hall, with the great dark park bounded by limestone walls, with iron gates here and there, looked like a blot upon the bright and lovely landscape. The place from a distance, compared with the surrounding country, was a blur and a blemish as it were, sad, silent, solitary.

Travellers passing by sometimes asked if the place was uninhabited, and were told, "No, shure—the fam'ly lives hear all the yeaurr round." Some charitable souls might wonder what life could be like be-

hind those dull gates. One day a young fellow riding by saw rather a sweet woman's face gazing for an instant through the bars, and he went on his way with a momentary thrill of pity. Need I say that it was poor Cecilia who looked out vacantly to see who was passing along the high-road. She was surrounded by hideous moreen, oil-cloth, punctuality, narrow-mindedness, horsehair, and mahogany. Loud bells rang at intervals, regular, monotonous. Surly but devoted attendants waited upon her. She was rarely alone; her mother did not think it right that a girl in Cecilia's position should "race about the grounds unattended; as for going outside the walls it was not to be thought of. When Cecilia went out with her gloves on, and her goloshes, her mother's companion, Miss Bowley, walked beside her up and down the dark laurel walk at the back of the house,—up and down, down and up, up and down. "I think I am getting tired, Maria," Miss Lulworth would say at last. "If so we had better return to the hall," Maria would reply, "although it is before our time." And then they would walk home in silence, between the iron railings and laurel-bushes.

As Cecilia walked erectly by Miss Bowley's side, the rooks went whirling over their heads, the slugs crept sleepily along the path under the shadow of the grass and the weeds; they heard no sounds except the cawing of the birds, and the distant monotonous hacking noise of the gardener and his boy digging in the kitchen-garden.

Cecilia, peeping into the long drab drawing-room on her return, might perhaps see her mother, erect and dignified, at her open desk, composing, writing, crossing, re-reading, an endless letter to an indifferent cousin in Ireland, with a single candle and a small piece of blotting-paper, and a pen-wiper made of ravelledings, all spread out before her.

"You have come home early, Cecil," says the lady, without looking up. "You had better make the most of your time, and practise till the dressing-bell rings. Maria will kindly take up your things."

And then in the chill twilight Cecilia sits down to the jangling instrument, with the worn silk flatlings. A faded rack it is upon which her fingers had been distended ever since she can remember. A great many people think there is nothing in the world so good for children as scoldings, whippings, dark cupboards, and dry bread and water, upon which they expect them to grow up into tall, fat, cheerful, amiable men and women, and a great many people think that

for grown-up young people the silence, the chillness, the monotony and sadness of their own fading twilight days is all that is required. Mrs. Lulworth and Maria Bowley her companion, Cecilia's late governess, were quite of this opinion. They themselves, when they were little girls, had been slapped, snubbed, locked up in closets, thrust into bed at all sorts of hours, flattened out on backboards, set on high stools to play the piano for days together, made to hem frills five or six weeks long, and to learn immense pieces of poetry, so that they had to stop at home all the afternoon. And though Mrs. Lulworth had grown up stupid, suspicious, narrow-minded, soured, and overbearing, and had married for an establishment, and Miss Bowley, her governess's daughter, had turned out nervous, undecided, melancholy, and anxious, and had never married at all, yet they determined to bring up Cecilia as they themselves had been brought up, and sincerely thought they could not do better.

When Mrs. Lulworth married, she said to Maria, "You must come and live with me, and help to educate my children some day, Maria. For the present I shall not have a home of my own; we are going to reside with my husband's aunt, Mrs. Dormer. She is a very wealthy person, far advanced in years. She is greatly annoyed with Mr. and Mrs. John Lulworth's vagaries, and she has asked me and my husband to take their places at Dorlicote Hall." At the end of ten years Mrs. Lulworth wrote again:—"We are now permanently established in our aunt's house. I hear you are in want of a situation; pray come and superintend the education of my only child Cecilia (she is named after her godmother, Mrs. Dormer). She is now nearly three years old, and I feel that she begins to require some discipline."

This letter was written at that same desk twenty-two years before Cecilia began her practising, that autumn evening. She was twenty-five years old now, but like a child in inexperience, in ignorance, in placidity; a fortunate stolidity and slowness of temperament had saved her from being crushed and nipped in the bud, as it were. She was not bored because she had never known any other life. It seemed to her only natural that all days should be alike, rung in and out by the jangling breakfast, lunch, dinner, and prayer bells. Mr. Dormer—a little chip of a man—read prayers suitable for every day in the week; the servants filed in, maids first, then the men. Once Cecilia saw one of the maids blush and look

down smiling as she marched out after the others. Miss Dorner wondered a little, and thought she would ask Susan why she looked so strangely, but Susan married the groom soon after, and went away, and Cecilia never had an opportunity of speaking to her.

Night after night Mr. Dorner replaced his spectacles with a click, and pulled up his shirt-collar when the service was ended. Night after night old Mrs. Dorner coughed a little moaning cough. If she spoke, it was generally to make some little bitter remark. Every night she shook hands with her nephew and niece, kissed Cecilia's blooming cheek, and patted out of the room. She was a little woman with starling eyes. She had never got over her husband's death. She did not always know when she moaned. She dressed in black, and lived alone in her turret, where she had various old-fashioned occupations — tatting, camphor-boxes to sort, a real old spinning-wheel and distaff among other things, at which Cecilia, when she was a child, had pricked her fingers trying to make it whirr as her aunt did. Spinning-wheels have quite gone out, but I know of one or two old ladies who still use them. Mrs. Dorner would go nowhere, and would see no one. So at least her niece, the master-spirit, declared, and the old lady got to believe it at last. I don't know how much the fear of the obnoxious John and his wife and children may have had to do with this arrangement.

When her great aunt was gone it was Cecilia's turn to gather her work together at a warning sign from her mother, and walk away through the long chilly passages to her slumbers in the great green four-post bed. And so time passed. Cecilia grew up. She had neither friends nor lovers. She was not happy nor unhappy. She could read, but she never cared to open a book. She was quite contented; for she thought Lulworth Hall the finest place, and its inmates the most important people in the world. She worked a great deal, embroidering interminable quilts and braided toilet-covers and fish-napkins. She never thought of anything but the utterest commonplaces and platitudes. She considered that being respectable and decorous, and a little pompous and overbearing, was the duty of every well-brought-up lady and gentleman. To-night she banged away very placidly at Rhodes' air, for the twentieth time breaking down in the same passage and making the same mistake, until the dressing-bell rang, and Cecilia, feeling she had done her duty, then extinguished her candle, and

went upstairs across the great chill hall, up the bare oil-cloth gallery to her room.

Most young women have some pleasure, whatever their troubles may be, in dressing, and pretty trinkets and beads and ribbons and necklaces. An unconscious love of art and intuition leads some of them, even plain ones, to adorn themselves. The colours and ribbon ends brighten bright faces, enliven dull ones, deck what is already lovable, or, at all events, make the most of what materials there are. Even a maypole, crowned and flowered and tastily ribboned, is a pleasing object. And, indeed, the art of decoration seems to me a charming natural instinct, and one which is not nearly enough encouraged, and a gift which every woman should try to acquire. Some girls, like birds, know how to weave, out of ends of rags, of threads and morsels and straws, a beautiful whole, a work of real genius for their habitation. Frivolities, say some; waste of time, say others, — expense, vanity. The strong-minded dowagers shake their heads at it all — Mrs. Lulworth among them; only why had Nature painted Cecilia's cheeks of brightest pink, instead of bilious orange, like poor Maria Bowley's? why was her hair all crisp and curly? and were her white even teeth, and her clear grey eyes, vanity and frivolity too? Cecilia was rather too stout for her age; she had not much expression in her face. And no wonder. There was not much to be expressive about in her poor little stinted life. She could not go into raptures over the mahogany sideboard, the camphene lamp in the drawing-room, the four-post beds indoors, the laurel-bushes without, the Moorish temple with yellow glass windows, or the wigwam summer-house, which were the alternate boundaries of her daily walks.

Cecilia was not allowed a fire to dress herself by; a grim maid, however, attended, and I suppose she was surrounded, as people say, by every comfort. There was a horsehair sofa, everything was large, solid, brown as I have said, grim, and in its place. The rooms at Lulworth Hall did not take the impress of their inmate, the inmate was moulded by the room. There were in Cecilia's no young lady-like trifles lying here and there; upon the chest of drawers there stood a mahogany work-box, square, with a key — that was the only attempt at feminine elegance — a little faded chemise, I believe, was to be seen round the clock on the chimney-piece, and a black and white check dressing-gown and an ugly little pair of slippers were set out before the toilet-table,

On the bed, Cecilia's dinner costume was lying — a sickly green dress, trimmed with black — and a white flower for her hair. On the toilet-table an old-fashioned jasper serpent-necklace and a set of amethysts were displayed for her to choose from, also mittens and a couple of hair bracelets. The girl was quite content, and she would go down gravely to dinner, smoothing out her hideous toggery.

Mrs. Dormer never came down before dinner. All day long she stayed up in her room, dozing and trying remedies, and occasionally looking over old journals and letters until it was time to come downstairs. She liked to see Cecilia's pretty face at one side of the table, while her nephew carved, and Mrs. Lulworth recounted any of the stirring events of the day. She was used to the life — she was sixty when they came to her, she was long past eighty now — the last twenty years had been like a long sleep, with the dream of what happened when she was alive and in the world continually passing before her.

When the Lulworths first came to her she had been in a low and nervous state, only stipulated for quiet and peace, and that no one was to come to her house of mourning. The John Lulworths, a cheery couple, broke down at the end of a month or two, and preferred giving up all chance of their aunt's great inheritance to living in such utter silence and seclusion. Upon Charles, the younger brother and his wife, the habit had grown, until now anything else would have been toil and misery to them. Except the old rector from the village, the doctor now and then, no other human creature ever crossed the threshold. For Cecilia's sake Miss Bowley once ventured to hint, —

"Cecilia with her expectations has the whole world before her." "Maria!" said Mrs. Lulworth severely; and indeed to this foolish woman it seemed as if money would add more to her daughter's happiness than the delights, the wonders, the interests, the glamours of youth. Charles Lulworth, shrivelled, selfish, dull, worn-out, did not trouble his head about Cecilia's happiness, and let his wife do as she liked with the girl.

This especial night when Cecilia came down in her ugly green dress, it seemed to her as if something unusual had been going on. The old lady's eyes looked bright and glittering, her father seemed more animated than usual, her mother looked mysterious and put out. It might have been fancy, but Cecilia thought they all stopped talking

as she came into the room; but then dinner was announced, and her father offered Mrs. Dormer his arm immediately, and they went into the dining-room.

It must have been fancy. Everything was as usual. "They have put up a few hurdles in Dalron's field, I see," said Mrs. Lulworth. "Charles, you ought to give orders for repairing the lock of the harness-room."

"Have they seen to the pump-handle?" said Mr. Lulworth.

"I think not." And then there was a dead silence.

"Potatoes," said Cecilia to the footman. "Mamma, we saw ever so many slugs in the laurel walk, Maria and I, — didn't we, Maria? I think there are a great many slugs in our place."

Old Mrs. Dormer looked up while Cecilia was speaking, and suddenly interrupted her in the middle of her sentence. "How old are you, child?" she said; "are you seventeen or eighteen?"

"Eighteen! aunt Cecilia. I am five-and-twenty," said Cecilia, staring.

"Good gracious! is it possible?" said her father, surprised.

"Cecil is a woman now," said her mother.

"Five-and-twenty," said the old lady, quite crossly. "I had no idea time went so fast. She ought to have been married long ago; that is, if she means to marry at all."

"Pray, my dear aunt, do not put such ideas" — Mrs. Lulworth began.

"I don't intend to marry," said Cecilia, peeling an orange, and quite unmoved, and she slowly curled the rind of her orange in the air. "I think people are very stupid to marry. Look at poor Jane Simmonds — her husband beats her; Jones saw her."

"So you don't intend to marry?" said the old lady, with an odd inflection in her voice. "Young ladies were not so wisely brought up in my early days," and she gave a great sigh. "I was reading an old letter this morning from your poor father Charles — all about happiness, and love in a cot, and two little curly-headed boys — Jack, you know, and yourself. I should rather like to see John again."

"What, my dear aunt, after his unparalleled audacity? I declare the thought of his impudent letter makes my blood boil," exclaimed Mrs. Lulworth.

"Does it?" said the old lady. "Cecilia, my dear, you must know that your uncle has discovered that the entail was not cut off from a certain property which my father,

left me, and which I brought to my husband. He has therefore written me a very business-like letter, in which he says he wishes for no alteration at present, but begs that, in the event of my making my will, I should remember this, and not complicate matters by leaving it to yourself, as had been my intention. I see nothing to offend in the request. Your mother thinks differently."

Cecilia was so amazed at being told anything that she only stared again, and opening a wide mouth, popped into it such a great piece of orange that she could not speak for some minutes.

"Cecilia has certainly attained years of discretion," said her great-aunt; "she does not compromise herself by giving any opinion on matters she does not understand."

Notwithstanding her outward imperturbability, Cecilia was a little stirred and interested by this history, and by the little conversation which had preceded it. Her mother was sitting upright in her chair as usual, netting with vigorous action. Her large foot outstretched, her stiff bony hands working and jerking monotonously. Her father was dozing in his arm-chair; old Mrs. Dormer, too, was nodding in her corner. The monotonous Maria was stitching in the lamplight. Grey and black shadows loomed all round her. The far end of the room was quite dark; the great curtains swept from their ancient cornices. Cecilia, for the first time in all her life, wondered whether she should ever live all her life in this spot, ever go away? It seemed impossible, unnatural, that she should ever do so. Silent, dull as it was, she was used to it, and did not know what was amiss. . . . .

Young Frank Lulworth, the lawyer of the family — John Lulworth's eldest son — it was who had found it all out. His father wrote that with Mrs. Dormer's permission he proposed coming down in a day or two to show her the papers, and to explain to her personally how the matter stood. "My son and I," said John Lulworth, "both feel that this would be far more agreeable to our feelings, and perhaps to yours, than having recourse to the usual professional intervention, for we have no desire to press our claims for the present, and we only wish that in the ultimate disposal of your property you should be aware how the matter really stands. We have always been led to suppose that the estate actually in question has been long destined by you for your grand-niece, Cecilia Lulworth. I hear from our old friend Dr. Hicks, that she is remarkably pretty and very amiable. Perhaps

such vague possibilities are best unmentioned, but it has occurred to me that in the event of a mutual understanding springing up between the young folks, — my son and<sup>1</sup> your grand-niece, — the connection might be agreeable to us all, and lead to a renewal of that family intercourse which has been, to my great regret, suspended for some time past."

Old Mrs. Dormer, in her shaky Italian handwriting, answered her nephew's letter by return of post:

"MY DEAR NEPHEW, — I must acknowledge the receipt of your epistle of the 13th instant. By all means invite your son to pay us his proposed visit. We can then talk over business matters at our leisure, and young Francis can be introduced to his relatives. Although a long time has elapsed since we last met, believe me, my dear nephew, not unmindful of bygone associations, and yours very truly always,

"C. DORMER."

The letter was in the postman's bag when old Mrs. Dormer informed Mrs. Charles of what she had done.

Frank Lulworth thought that in all his life he had never seen anything so dismal, so silent, so neglected, as Dorlicote Park, when he drove up a few days after, through the iron gates and along the black laurel wilderness which led to the house. The laurel branches, all unpruned, untrained, were twisting savagely in and out, wreathing and interlacing one another, clutching tender shootings, wrestling with the young oak-trees and the limes. He passed by black and sombre avenues leading to mouldy temples, to crumbling summer-houses; he saw what had once been a flower-garden, now all run to seed — wild, straggling, forlorn; a broken-down bench, a heap of hurdles lying on the ground, a field-mouse darting across the road, a desolate autumn sun shining upon all this mouldering ornament and confusion. It seemed more forlorn and melancholy by contrast, somehow, coming as he did out of the loveliest country and natural sweetness into the dark and tangled wilderness within these limestone walls of Dorlicote.

The parish of Dorlicote-cum-Rockington looks prettier in the autumn than at any other time. A hundred crisp tints, jewelled rays — greys, browns, purples, glinting golds, and silvers, rustle and sparkle upon the branches of the nut-trees, of the bushes and thickets. Soft blue mists and purple tints rest upon the distant hills; scarlet berries glow among the brown leaves of the hedges; lovely mists fall and vanish sudden-

ly, revealing bright and sweet autumnal sights; blackberries, stacks of corn, brown leaves crisping upon the turf, great pears hanging sweetening in the sun over the cottage lintels, cows grazing and whisking their tails, blue smoke curling from the tall farm chimneys: all is peaceful, prosperous, golden. You can see the sea on clear days from certain knolls and hillocks. . . .

Out of all these pleasant sights young Lulworth came into this dreary splendour. He heard no sounds of life—he saw no one. His coachman had opened the iron gate. "They doan't keep no one to moind the gate," said the driver, "only tradesmen cooms to th'ouse." Even the gardener and his boy were out of the way; and when they got sight of the house at last, many of the blinds were down and shutters shut, and only two chimneys were smoking. There was some one living in the place, however, for a watch-dog who was lying asleep in his kennel woke up and gave a heart-rending howl when Frank got out and rang at the bell.

He had to wait an immense time before anybody answered, although a little page in buttons came and stared at him in blank amazement from one of the basement windows, and never moved. Through the same window Frank could see into the kitchen, and he was amused when a sleepy fat cook came up behind the little page and languidly boxed his ears, and seemed to order him off the premises.

The butler, who at last answered the door, seemed utterly taken aback—nobody had called for months past, and here was a perfect stranger taking out his card, and asking for Mrs. Dormer as if it was the most natural thing in the world. The under-butler was half-asleep in his pantry, and had not heard the door-bell. The page—the very same whose ears had been boxed—came wondering to the door, and went to ascertain whether Mrs. Dormer would see the gentleman or not.

"What a vault, what a catacomb, what an ugly old place!" thought Frank, as he waited. He heard steps far, far away: then came a long silence, and then a heavy tread slowly approaching, and the old butler beckoned to him to follow—through a cobweb-colour room, through a brown room, through a grey room, into a great dim drab drawing-room, where the old lady was sitting alone. She had come down her back stairs to receive him; it was years since she had left her room before dinner.

Even old ladies look kindly upon a tall, well-built, good-looking, good-humored

young man. Frank's nose was a little too long, his mouth a little too straight; but he was a handsome young fellow with charming manner. Only as he came up he was somewhat shy and undecided—he did not know exactly how to address the old lady. This was his great-aunt. He knew nothing whatever about her, but she was very rich; she had invited him to come, and she had a kind face, he thought: should he,—ought he to embrace her—perhaps he ought, and he made the slightest possible movement in this direction. Mrs. Dormer, divining his object, pushed him weakly away. "How do you do? No embraces, thank you. I don't care for kissing at my age. Sit down—there, in that chair opposite—and now tell me about your father, and all the family, and about this ridiculous discovery of yours. I don't believe a word of it."

The interview between them was long and satisfactory on the whole. The unconscious Cecilia and Miss Bowley returned that afternoon from their usual airing, and as it happened, Cecilia said, "Oh, Maria! I left my mittens in the drawing-room, last night. I will go and fetch them." And little thinking of what was awaiting her, she flung open the door and marched in through the ante-room—mushroom hat and brown veil, goloshes and dowdy gown, as usual. "What is this?" thought young Lulworth; "why, who would have supposed it was such a pretty girl?" for suddenly the figure stopped short, and a lovely fresh face looked up in utter amazement out of the hideous disguise.

"There, don't stare, child," said the old lady. "This is Francis Lulworth, a very intelligent young man, who has got hold of your fortune and ruined all your chances, my dear. He wanted to embrace me just now. Francis, you may as well salute your cousin instead: she is much more of an age for such compliments," said Mrs. Dormer, waving her hand.

The impassive Cecilia, perfectly bewildered and not in the least understanding, only turned her great sleepy astonished eyes upon her cousin, and stood perfectly still as if she was one of those beautiful wax-dolls one sees stuck up to be stared at. If she had been surprised before, utter consternation can scarcely convey her state of mind when young Lulworth stepped forward and obeyed her aunt's behests. And, indeed, as stronger-minded person than Cecilia might have taken aback, who had come into the drawing-room to fetch her mittens, and was met in such an astounding fashion. Frank, half laughing, half kindly, seeing that Cecilia

stood quite still and stared at him, supposed that it was expected and did as he was told.

The poor girl gave one gasp of horror, and blushed for the first time, I believe, in the course of her whole existence. Bowley, fixed and open-mouthed from the inner room, suddenly fled with a scream, which recalled Cecilia to a sense of outraged propriety: for blushing and blinking more deeply, she at last gave three little sobs, and then, O horror! burst into tears!

"Highty-tighty; what a much ado about nothing!" said the old lady, losing her temper and feeling not a little guilty, and much alarmed as to what her niece Mrs. Lulworth might say were she to come on the scene.

"I beg your pardon. I am so very, very sorry," said the young man, quite confused and puzzled. "I ought to have known better. I frightened you. I am your cousin, you know, and really—pray, pray excuse my stupidity," he said, looking anxiously into the fair placid face along which the tears were coursing in two streams, like a child's.

"Such a thing never happened in all my life before," said Cecilia. "I know it is wrong to cry, but really—really"—

"Leave off crying directly, miss," said her aunt, testily, "and let us have no more of this nonsense." The old lady dreaded the mother's arrival every instant. Frank, half laughing, but quite unhappy at the poor girl's distress, had taken up his hat to go that minute, not knowing what else to do.

"Ah! you're going," says old Mrs. Dormer; "no wonder. Cecilia, you have driven your cousin away by your rudeness."

"I'm not rude," sobbed Cecilia. "I can't help crying."

"The girl is a greater idiot than I took her for," cried the old lady. "She has been kept here locked up, until she has not a single idea left in her silly noddle. No man of sense could endure her for five minutes. You wish to leave the place, I see, and no wonder?"

"I really think," said Frank, "that under the circumstances it is the best thing I can do. Miss Lulworth, I am sure, would wish me to go."

"Certainly," said Cecilia. "Go away, pray go away. Oh, how silly I am."

Here was a catastrophe!

The poor old fairy was all puzzled and bewildered: her arts were powerless in this emergency. The princess had awakened, but in tears. The prince still stood by, distressed and concerned, feeling horribly guilty, and yet scarcely able to help laughing. Poor Cecilia! her aunt's reproaches had only bewildered her more and more; and for the first time in her life she was bewildered, discomposed, forgetful of hours. It was the hour of calisthenics; but Miss Lulworth forgot everything that might have been expected from a young lady of her admirable bringing-up.

Fairy tales are never very long, and this one ought to come to an end. The princess was awake now, and her simplicity and beauty touched the young prince, who did not, I think, really intend to go, though he took up his hat.

Certainly the story would not have been worth the telling if they had not been married soon after, and lived happily all the rest of their lives.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is not in fairy tales only that things fall out as one could wish, and indeed, H. and T. agreed the other night that fairies, although invisible, had not entirely vanished out of the land.

It is certainly like a fairy transformation to see Cecilia now-a-days in her own home with her children and husband about her. Bright, merry, full of sympathy and interest, she seems to grow prettier every minute.

When Frank fell in love with her and proposed, old Mrs. Dormer insisted upon instantly giving up the Dorlicote Farm for the young people to live in. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lulworth are obliged to live in London, but they go there every summer with their children; and for some years after her marriage, Cecilia's god-mother, who took the opportunity of the wedding to break through many of her recluse habits, used to come and see her every day in a magnificent yellow chariot.

Some day I may perhaps tell you more about the fairies and enchanting princesses of my acquaintance.

From The Spectator, 5th May.

### THE COMING WAR.

"WHEN the Sovereigns ask for treasure," says Mr. Disraeli, through Sidonia, "then I begin to believe that matters are getting serious." Judging by the light of that epigram, which contains just such a half-truth as such epigrams do, England, for example, rarely preceding action by a loan, the "Continental crisis" has come to a head at last. Austria and Italy have each asked for treasure, Austria issuing inconvertible paper, Italy borrowing ten millions sterling from her State bank, apparently at nominal interest. Amidst the bewildering mass of letters, rumours, despatches, inventions, and telegrams—we name them in the order of their comparative authenticity—one series of incidents seems at last to be becoming clear. Italy, which needs war as most other countries need peace, which is borne down by the weight of armaments supported by an almost mediæval finance, and which will never be really free till it has won a pitched battle unaided against a great power, has contrived in some mode still obscure, but sufficient, to challenge Austria to arms. The Berlin correspondent of the *Times*, who usually knows the official opinion in Berlin, says the mere agreement to aid Prussia sufficed to rouse the pride of the Kaiser, who still regards the Italian Monarchy as an upstart and feeble structure, but that looks very much like a statement invented in Prussian bureaus. It is more probable that the Emperor discovered that the treaty, so often denied, really existed, and, certain of war within the year, resolved to face it before the spirit of his people had been worn out by delays. It is even possible that Francis Joseph, aware that he can at any moment avert war with Prussia by ceding the Duchies peacefully under pretext of menace from Italy, may have chosen the latter as the more profitable antagonist, and seriously hopes to regain in the peninsula the influence he surrenders beyond the Maine. Be that as it may, it seems certain that the challenge was given and instantly accepted by the Kaiser, in the spirit partly of a Continental duellist who fights for a nutshell to show that he is brave, and partly of the head of an ancient and military monarchy, who must not submit to defiances, lest his army should cease to see in him a chief. An army sufficient to take the field was poured into Venetia so rapidly that traffic on the great Southern Railway

was suspended by decree, an Archduke was appointed Commander-in-Chief, with an old General as dry nurse, and with a calm scientific cruelty that recalls the history of the House of Hapsburg, Venetia itself was paralyzed by a sudden and terrible conscription. The youth of the province who might have joined the invader, the youth of its capital who might have recalled the days of Manin, were seized in the night by soldiers, the meshes of the net were made so small that fathers of families were carried off with the young men, and amidst heart-rending scenes of misery the crowds of strong men, guarded closely by Croats, were hurried off into the interior of the Empire, to keep down Hungarians, for the Kaiser who is about to devastate their own land. The Imperial Government in this last act does but adhere to its traditions. There never was a Hapsburg yet, from Ferdinand the Catholic downwards, who could move to battle except to the music of women's sobs, and this one probably does not realize the profound misery he is causing, the profounder hate he is accumulating on his House. The fortresses have been restored, the artillery has been horsed, and Austria is ready at this moment either to defend Venetia or reconquer Lombardy. On their side the Italians have not been idle. The recruits have been called in, and the army raised to its war footing. With Naples clamouring for war there is little need of garrisons, and the old Piedmontese nucleus of the Italian army is gathering fast under La Marmora. The fleet has been re-equippped, and is by the last telegram reported at sea on its way to the head of the Adriatic, and the chiefs of the old volunteers are hourly expecting the call to action. Garibaldi is sure to be present, though, as usual, he is asking to be left as independent as if he were a monarch, and on the night of 30th April, after, it is said, a whole night of unreported explanations, the Italian Parliament, true always to its policy of self-sacrifice, legally invested the Government with dictatorial power. Better than all, if it be but true, the national emergency is said to have brought Ricasoli away from his woods to take the helm, and Italy therefore has a civil ruler who can organize, who will fight on silently to the last, and who even in extremity will not buy the aid of Napoleon too dear.

The seizure of the Venetian conscripts shows that the Kaiser will not surrender the province without a war, and we doubt if Italy, even if deserted by Prussia, which is improbable, will or can now recede. The

strength of the opposing Powers is not so unequal as it is the habit in England to imagine. The Austrian Government has no doubt a larger army, but it cannot dispense with garrisons, and cannot therefore place on its frontier a force greater than that of the enemy. In 1859, with all Germany sympathizing, the Austrians never had 200,000 men in Italy, and Victor Emanuel can now place that force in Venetia twice. The fleets are tolerably equal, and the Austrian one manned chiefly by Italian sailors, while the finances of each are at that point which threatens that requisitions will speedily take the place of purchase. Italy, too, fighting within her frontier, has the aid of her volunteers, while Austria, fighting beyond it, has nothing except her army and the conscript depots. Above all, the invader pours into a province in which every man is a friend, every woman ready to be a spy, while the "invaded" defends cities in which every human being, from the noble who quits his *café* because an Austrian has entered it, to the child who spits at her doll as "*maladetto Tedesco*," is an implacable foe. Army to army, man to man, Italy may win the game if only the men in her army, the rank and file, are as good as the Austrian men. The Piedmontese are as they proved on the Tchernaya. The Romagnese are as they showed in 1849. But the Italians? Napoleon believed them as good as Frenchmen, and better than Russians, but they are still as a national army under native officers, unaided by Zouaves, untried, and a doubt lingers still in the military mind — will they stand to be shot at till the enemy has retired, or are they all dead? We do not doubt it, believing the reproach so often cast to be just as baseless as the similar one thrown during our Peninsular War upon the Spaniards, now known to make splendid infantry, but this is the doubt to be now removed. Once it has disappeared, once the Italians have shown that they can charge with effect on Austrians or face Hungarian cavalry, half their difficulties will disappear. The nation may still be bankrupt, still kept out of Rome, still perplexed with its contest with the priesthood, but it will be a living nation, not to be invaded for conquest, to be left to live its own life a recognized member of the Great European family. If the war produces that one result it will repay all the misery which it must cause, all the bloodshed which must precede a lasting peace. The risk, too, may not be so enormous as it looks. It is difficult to believe that Italy is in motion without some secret guarantee from Napo-

leon that she shall not be conquered. It would not suit his policy to have a design for which France has paid so many lives roughly overthrown, to see Austrians back in Milan or Florence, to rouse against him again the inextinguishable Italian hate. He may ask Sardinia as the price of aid, but the aid would be given, and the loss of Sardinia is not the loss of Italian freedom.

On the North the prospects remain today as they were last week. There is no certainty that Prussia intends to fight, but all the few facts visible through the hail of lies appear to point that way. Prussia still wants the Duchies, still perceives that if Italy declares war her own opportunity will at last have arrived, still promises to disarm if Austria will disarm first, and the lesser Powers. All the while she is arming, horses coming in steadily, and troops moving rapidly south-eastward, while Count von Bismarck picks the necessary quarrel with Saxony. It will be necessary to occupy Dresden, for through Dresden lies the Austrian road to Berlin, and so, to avoid all difficulties, the Prussian Court summons Saxony to disarm, and having just sold her needle guns enough to equip her army, refuses to forward the machinery necessary for their cartridges. The Saxon Government, which has from the first been heartily with the Kaiser, has of course refused to obey, and the war, if accepted, will probably begin with a quick spring on Dresden. On the other hand, the old obstacle, the dislike of the King to declare war on a German House or to play for stakes so immense, still, it is said, exists, and as he is absolute, may at the eleventh hour consider it easier to sacrifice his Minister, betray Italy, and come to some understanding with his people. We question the probability, almost the possibility, of a policy so cynical, but still the possibility exists, and he will be rash who, looking at the broad facts amidst the blinding telegrams, will say more than that Italy expects, desires, and is ready for war, and Prussia seems to expect, desire, and be ready for it too.

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From The Economist, 5th May.

#### THE PROSPECTS OF WAR.

AFTER many and rapid oscillations in the political aspect of affairs on the Continent, after passing, often in the same week,

from a confident hope of peace to a grave fear that it is scarcely reasonable to count upon it and back again, we fear it must now be admitted that the best informed politicians are beginning to think the hope of averting a European collision exceedingly small. Mr. Gladstone, indeed, was still hopeful in his tone in the few words he allowed to drop last night, but statesmen in his position know that almost the only chance of peace would be thrown away if Ministers of great States allowed themselves to speak as if it no longer existed. What we have to consider is that two great States, both professing the strongest desire to avoid war and the utmost readiness to disarm if the disarmament could be simultaneous, have been either trying or seeming to try to give effect to their wishes now for many weeks, and have either so little wished what they said, or if they wished it, have had so little power to do as they wished, in the face either of the public opinion or the engagements by which they were trammeled, that now at the end of at least a month's fruitless negotiation all that we see is much more imminent peril of war and much more active preparation for it than there was at the beginning. Now, to whichever cause we ascribe this singular fruitlessness of professed pacific intentions,—whether to insincerity in one or other or both of the professors, or to incapability (from whatever cause) to give effect to their wishes, we fear the inference must be the same. The pacific wishes, if pacific wishes they be, which have not been able to stop the preparations for war at an early stage, will scarcely be able to check them at the last moment. It is comparatively a very easy thing to hold back while public opinion and the opinion of the army,—the instrument by which war is to be carried on,—is still undecided and hesitating; but it is a most difficult thing to arrest either a strong national impulse or the great fighting organization which is penetrated with that national impulse, in the last stage just before the spring is to be made. Clearly the same power which is inadequate to keep the peace while there is no hot blood urging on to war, will not be more able to keep it when there is. If the outbreak is to be checked at the last and most critical moment, it must be by some stronger force than any which was brought to bear upon it before. Now, in the present case there is, we fear, no reason to hope that any such force is likely to appear on the scene. The threat which Russia is said to have used to Prussia in favor of the petty German prince sounds exceedingly apochry-

phal. And, hitherto, at least, while all the assurances which would have seemed likely to tranquillise the hostile German Powers have been exchanged without bringing the least appearance of tranquillity, there has been no sign of any new opening for compromise and conciliation.

On the contrary, the most immediate, though not the greatest or most permanent danger which now threatens Europe, is not the quarrel between Prussia and Austria, but the quarrel between Austria and Italy, — a secondary symptom no doubt of the primary cause of conflict, but not the less threatening for that. It is scarcely credible that Italy should assume the attitude she is now assuming, even granting that Austria took the initiative in menace, if there were not a very good understanding with the Emperor of the French on the subject. We do not say that there is any signed treaty or even express verbal agreement. It is quite possible that Louis Napoleon has been too secret, and too anxious to keep himself uncompromised, for that. But we know very well that there are informal as well as formal ways of encouraging a movement, and we have reason to believe that not even the rashest of the Italian *Left* would be in favour of war, if it were known that the Emperor of the French frowned upon it, or rather if it were not known that he had sedulously refrained from forbidding it either by word or sign. That there is some tolerably distinct understanding between Prussia and Italy is likely enough: they have just now a common and strong interest in defeating Austria; and we all know that where there is a strong common interest there is likely enough to be a clear common understanding.

But Italy would not, in all probability, rely on Prussia alone. Prussia is not sufficiently tried, and scarcely sufficiently strong and near, to be relied upon absolutely in so momentous a crisis,—a crisis in which the future of Italy will be made or marred. We feel a strong conviction that, without the tacit sanction of France, Italy would not be yielding to the delirium of this war fever as she is now doing. And it is in this presumption that the French interest is engaged in the impending conflict no less deeply than the Prussian, Austrian, and Italian, that the great gravity of the crisis seems to us to consist. We know that the Italian Parliament has voted the war power to the Government, and that the Government has already borrowed 10,000,000<sup>l</sup> sterling in a great hurry from the National Bank, and has empowered the National

Bank to suspend cash payments for its notes, which are legal tender, — a step which could hardly be taken except on the very eve of war. We see, moreover, that Austria is hurrying on military preparations in Venetia, which are in the highest degree exciting and irritating to the Italian National feeling. The conscription in Venetia, which has called out the reserve for service in Hungary, practically sweeping numbers of old men as well as young from their country to serve among the Croats and Czechs and Tyrolese in a distant land, is a step which is not only calculated to inflame to the last degree the feeling of Italian patriotism and rage against Austria, but must have been adopted with the full knowledge that it would upset almost the last hope of peace. When to this we add that the language of Prussia towards the minor States, especially towards Saxony, which is the first stage in her line of march, becomes more and more cavalier every day, and that Count Bismarck is scarcely the man to lose so great an opportunity for his ambitious plans as a struggle in Venetia must give, even though his were not the hand that is secretly moving the pieces on the Italian end of the chess-board, we must see how poor a hope of peace remains.

We should be loth to say even now that there is absolutely none. So long as the plans of the Emperor of the French are a mystery to us, it may well be that his ends may require him rather to let Austria feel what she has to fear than actually experience a defeat, and in that case his powerful interference might put a stop to the threatened

collision at the last moment. Still, count it as we will, that is but a bare chance. No one knows better than the French Emperor the difficulty of keeping two high-spirited armies face to face with each other well in leash, — and he would probably interfere peremptorily at once if he intends to part the combatants at all. Of one thing we may be sure, — that eloquent representations from strict neutrals like ourselves, who neither have nor are likely to have any interest whatever of our own in the fate of the war, will have no effect whatever; and the fewer of them our Ministers make, and our Ambassadors are instructed to deliver copies of, the better. Russia or France, either of whom might, and one of whom almost certainly *will*, mingle in the strife at an earlier or later stage, would be listened to with respect, and perhaps with deference. But we should receive neither, for we have given good advice somewhat too often already, and there is no Continental Power that believes it even possible for us to offer more than good advice on the present occasion. On the whole, we are disposed to think that all the indications are at present indications of war — that France holds the key to the situation, and that she would have used it already to prevent war if she had wished so to do, — and that we, at least, possess no key to the situation at all, and had far better content ourselves with studying the symptoms than in vainly attempting to control, as Lord Malmesbury did so foolishly and so vainly in 1859, the motives of a strife in which we have, and are anxious to have, no concern.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

BURIDAN'S ASS; OR, LIBERTY AND NECESSITY.\*

A NEW SONG.

AIR — "Dear Tom, this brown jug."

How pleasant to find we have subjects in store,

\* Buridan was a French Schoolman of the fourteenth century, who debated strenuously the question of Free-will, and who used, or had used against him, the illustration referred to in the text. The expression of "Buridan's Ass" became proverbial; and though Buridan is now forgotten, the Ass between two bundles of hay is still remembered. See Bayle and Chambers, *vo. Buridan*.

Where we cut what we like, and can come back  
for more!

Such a plentiful treat is our friend Stuart  
Mill:

Mind and Matter came first; now we'll try his  
Free-will.

While his views we discuss let us toss off our  
glass,

And begin with the story of Buridan's Ass.

Many readers are new to that quadruped's  
fame,

Or at least may have never yet heard of the  
name:

But the question's well known — To two bun-  
dles of hay,

Equidistantly placed, would he e'er make his  
way?  
I believe that he would, were he brought to that  
pass,  
And that all would be eaten by Buridan's Ass.

But according to Mill I am here in the wrong;  
For, when opposite motives are equally strong,  
Then both Asses and Men their inaction retain,  
And, like Mohammed's coffin, suspended re-  
main.

They can't stir for their lives, and 'twould thus  
come to pass,  
That he'd starve amidst plenty, poor Buridi-  
dan's Ass!

All effects come from causes — or what we so  
call,  
For Mill don't believe in Causation at all : —  
Some motive precedes, and decides, what we  
do,  
As the billiard-ball always is ruled by the cue.  
If Physics and Ethics are in the same class,  
A mechanical law guides the man and the ass.

If the mind is more moved by the feast that we  
see,  
Than by fear of what next morning's headache  
will be ;  
If the sin more attracts than the danger repels,  
Then the course we shall take — any simpleton  
tells.  
But when force equals force, why, we're in a  
morass,  
And must stick in the mud, like poor Buridan's  
Ass.

If two rival desires at an angle combine,  
Then our conduct will be — a diagonal line ;  
If centripetal joins with centrifugal force,  
We pursue, I suppose, an elliptical course :  
All obey the same laws, fixed as iron or brass,  
Suns, systems, balls, bubbles, the Man, and the  
ass.

Objectors to Mill here may show off their wit :  
" Then we ne'er should be punished, whate'er we  
commit."  
" That you shouldn't be punished," says Mill,  
" I deny,  
For the jail or the gallows will motives supply.  
When I wish that in speed he should others sur-  
pass,  
A good cudgel's the motive I use with my ass."

But at least, if Mill's theory squares with the  
facts,  
Neither censure nor praise can be due to our  
acts.

If we're led by the nose, like a bull with a ring,  
Then our noblest achievements no credit can  
bring.  
When too fond of our coffers, or bottle, or lass,  
We need never feel shame, or look down like an  
ass.

Who butchers his children, or poisons his wife,  
Should be pitied, not blamed, though he forfeits  
his life ;  
For he no more could help doing what he has  
done,  
Than the train can hang back when the engine  
moves on.  
We don't mould our own minds, — as some  
make their own gas ;  
But the motive and mind make the villain or  
ass.

Can a pundit like Mill the poor Fallacy use,  
That we're able to make ourselves good if we  
choose ?  
Ay, perhaps, if we choose ; but what causes our  
choice ?  
For the Will, if not free, has no vote and no  
voice.  
How he'd elsewhere have trounced such a snake  
in the grass,  
And called him who thus argued a sophist or  
ass !

Though you do what you can to drive Nature  
away,  
She will ever return till she carries the day.  
Though you seek your first instincts to cure or  
to kill,  
You reveal at each step that they master you  
still.  
Even Mill, unawares, feels and speaks like the  
mass,  
And thus lands in a puzzle, like Buridan's Ass.

Mill may rate his own mind at a value so mean,  
But he'll never persuade me that Man's a ma-  
chine.  
Some determining power in our bosom bears  
sway,  
And inspires us to choose and direct our own  
way.  
Self-applause, or Remorse, as old scenes we re-  
pass,  
Make us *feel* we are FREE, spite of Mill or the  
Ass.\*

\* A good contribution to the controversy on Free-  
will, with reference to the views of Mill and Hamil-  
ton, will be found in Mr. Proctor Alexander's able  
and entertaining volume, ' Mill and Carlyle.'

From The London Review.  
QUOTATIONS.

If we try to analyze the pleasure which a Latin-grammar quotation produces upon the multitude the result seems to be this, — the auditors are tickled by the gentle flattery of the speaker, who seems to imply that they are scholars to whom he may well address a classical allusion, and the fact of the quotation appearing familiar to them confirms them in this pleasing belief. Yet, no doubt, it is preferable, even when we confine ourselves to this narrow sphere of quotations, to give them correctly or not at all. We remember Clive Newcome's distress when the dear old Colonel, in the innocence of his heart, insisted on reminding his friends, in spite of every rule of accidence and concord, "Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes emollunt mores," &c. Yet, if we were disposed to be critical, we might pick holes in cleverer men than Colonel Newcome ever pretended to be, and might express our wonder at the frequent inaccuracy of classical quotations in the more pretentious daily and weekly journals. Even that pure and perfect chrysolite of classicality, the *Saturday Review*, quoting, we suppose, by memory, from Ovid, writes the following : —

"*Facies non omnibus una,  
Nec diversa tamen, qualis decet esse sororum.*"

The use of *qualis* for *qualem* after *decet* would have sent a fifth-form boy down one place at least. Again, the refined *Pall Mall Gazette* exhibits a deeper ignorance by making *scandala magnata* the plural of *scandalum magnum*, as if "*magnatum*" was not itself a genitive plural of "*magnates*." And only last week another paper speaks of *spreta injuria*, which is simply nonsense, although, of course everybody can see it is a loose recollection of the Virgilian *spreta injuria forma*. These are the dangers to which would-be scholars expose themselves when once they leave the flowery paths of the Latin Grammar. But we are not discouraging quotations from foreign languages. Far from it. Once be sure of your audience, and you may win golden reputation. There is not the slightest doubt that if you were to conjugate an irregular Greek verb in the pulpit at the right time, it would produce an immense effect, as a quotation from some orthodox father of the Church. For instance, what could sound nobler than this? — "The single-hearted saint could not entertain such a proposition for an instant. 'No,' he cried, with a gentle but decisive wave of his hand — '*katesthio, katedomai*,' adding, with a sad smile, his favourite expression, '*katededoka, katephagon*.'" That this is simple nonsense,

and merely the four principal tenses of a Greek verb, is nothing. It is a good, sounding quotation, and with an ordinary audience would be rapturously received from one who was popular. Indeed, we hardly like to think how much of this heedlessness there must be in the pleasure with which some text of familiar sound is hailed by the unlettered part of a congregation, to whom it cannot convey the smallest idea of anything at all. It may be an exaggeration to represent an old woman saying that she found great support in the comfortable word "Mesopotamia," but the spirit which animated her is really very widely diffused in other old women and young women, and men too. Indeed, so very much in quotations depends upon pleasant sound, that we firmly believe these nonsense verses might be recited at the fireside without being at once detected — just for the reason that we do not always pause to think whether we attach any sense to what we hear. At any rate, here they are : —

'Tis sweet to roam when morning's light  
Resounds across the deep ;  
When the crystal song of the woodbine bright  
Hushes the rocks to sleep ;  
When the midnight sky has a sombre dye  
Of a pale and inky hue,  
And the wolf rings out his glittering shout,  
" Tu whit — Tu whit — Tu-whoo ! "

When the pearly wing of the wintry trees  
Dashes across the glen ;  
When the laughing lights of the moss-grown  
cliffs.  
Haunt the ethereal fen ;  
When at burning noon the blood-shot moon  
Is bathed in crumbling dew,  
And the wolf rings out his glittering shout,  
" Tu whit — Tu whit — Tu whoo ! "

Not a few persons will cry, "How pretty!" when the words are read fast. They have the true "Mesopotamia" ring about them. It cannot be denied that people who make a point of interlarding their conversation with quotations are an intolerable nuisance. . . .

There is a large class of the community who often wish to make quotations, but are shy of doing so because they cannot remember where the phrase comes from. To them we offer a suggestion to facilitate the introduction of any quotation, whether of their own composition or of any other distinguished author. Even if the author's name be wholly forgotten, what prevents the quotation being made with such an easy introduction as that with which Mr. Kingsley in "Glaucus" gives his own verse — simply prefaceing them with words, "Whereof one

sings," and then come the verses. Or sometimes a bolder policy will be successful, and we may safely say, " Of course, none of you have forgotton the poet's beautiful lines," &c., trusting to the conceit of ignorance, which will make your audience accept what they do not know as something they ought to know.

From The London Review.  
THE LATE MR. KEBLE.

**FRIDAY**, the 6th of April, saw committed to the earth, in the churchyard of Hursley, Hampshire, where he had officiated as minister for nearly thirty years, the mortal remains of the Rev. John Keble, known to his parishioners as a zealous and kind-hearted clergyman, and to the English-speaking world generally as a religious poet of no mean order. It was on the day before Good Friday — viz., on the 29th of March — that he drew his last breath; and, could he have had his choice, one can imagine that he would have selected that very season as the time wherein he was to lay down the burden of his mortality. On the eve of a great Christian observance, he, the singer of Christian observances, and, as a High Churchman, the studious follower of all religious ceremonials, passed away to his rest. Setting aside differences of opinion on specific points, it will be acknowledged on all hands that he had fully earned that rest, having gone through a long life in a manner that largely elicited both reverence and love. Mr. Keble was born as far back as 1792, and was therefore seventy-four years of age when he died. His father was also a clergyman, and so excellent a scholar that he gave his son a sufficiently good education to enable him, ere he was yet quite fifteen, to obtain a scholarship at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. This was at the latter end of 1806. Many years later, Keble became one of the leaders at Oxford of what has since been termed the Puseyite or Tractarian party. He was the friend of Dr. Pusey, of Newman, of Hurrell Froude, and of others of the same band of revolutionists in the ceremonial of the Church of England; and he was among the contributors to the famous "Tracts for the Times," which, thirty years ago, set all England in a flame. Unquestionably, whether for good or evil, he helped in no small degree to bias in the new direction many of the enthusiastic young men of that time; unquestionably, he was a polemical writer of the most extreme kind, equally opposed

to Evangelical teaching, to Dissent, and to those newer ideas in religion which are at this moment agitating the minds and consciences of men, just as Puseyism agitated them in the youthful days of the generation now passing away. He was in heart and soul a dominant Churchman — to that extent a man of narrow views, and to that extent also a man to be guarded against; but, apart from controversial matters, an exemplary pastor and a warm friend. It is a suspicious feature in his theology that, while he had no common grounds of sympathy with Nonconformists, he spoke "with uncontrollable emotion," according to a correspondent of the *Guardian*, of Dr. Newman's "Apologia pro Vita Sua." The writer whom we are quoting says he does not think he is expressing himself too strongly in affirming that "he hailed it with rapture, and he augured that from it would spring the beginning of a peace between the two great Churches of the West, which, said he, 'though I shall not live to see it, you will recognise as God's wonderful mercy towards us.'" The reception of Dr. Pusey's "Eirenicon" by the leading members of the Roman Catholic Church, does not confirm Keble's sanguine anticipations; nor is such a peace desirable on the only terms which the Papacy is ever likely to accept, for it would simply mean the entire submission of the Church of England to that of Rome.

But it is as the poet of "The Christian Year" and the "Lyra Innocentium" that Keble will be most widely and permanently known. Even in these works his High Church views are very apparent; but they are to some extent qualified by the graces of poetry and the fervour of personal devotion. Of the two collections of poetry to which we have referred, the first-named, and the earlier in point of production, is the more famous. It was originally published in 1827, and has since passed through nearly ninety editions. With the proceeds, Mr. Keble rebuilt his church at Hursley, and, had he been a covetous instead of a conscientious man, he might have made a fortune by his priestly Muse. The character of his poetry may be surmised from his life and opinions. It was gentle, sweet, devotional, and highly cultivated, but wanting in strength, and depth, and somewhat feminine in its excess of emotion and sentiment. It has had, however, an immense influence; has given delight and comfort to many, and will always be remembered with respect as one of the religious utterances of the nineteenth century.